

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 11, 1942

WHO'S WHO

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF takes pleasure in announcing, in a slogan of today, that something new has been added to AMERICA, the creation of the Office of Executive Editor. He is gratified, likewise, to announce the appointment of Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., as Executive Editor. The division of responsibilities follows the current procedure of the better and more progressive periodicals, especially since the task of editing this Review has been considerably increased by the war-time and prospective-peace demands. AMERICA, it is believed, will be improved by the addition of an Executive Editor. . . . Plans for a weekly Washington letter were discussed earlier in the year by the Editor-in-Chief with his predecessor, the Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., now Professor of Sociology and Politics in the Catholic University of America. These plans are happily realized. Beginning with this week, Father Parsons will examine the background and the bearings of some of the Capital's most interesting events. . . . JOHN J. O'CONNOR explains the aims of the American Center of Information *Pro Deo*: to gather, interpret, edit and disseminate foreign news in its relation to religion by "probing for ultimate causes in the passing parade of events." He is editor of *International Correspondence* and associate professor of history at St. John's University, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . DORAN HURLEY and Mrs. Crowley discuss the happiness of nuns. . . . H. C. MCGINNIS, journalist and penetrating interpreter of current trends, shows how the industrialization of farms is changing the agriculture picture. . . . VINCENT E. SMITH is at present writing a doctoral dissertation on the epistemology of physics at the Catholic University. . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER, Literary Editor, evaluates a significant book list.

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President of The America Press: FRANCIS X. TALBOT.
Treasurer: DANIEL M. O'CONNELL. **Circulation Director:** DANIEL L. FITZGERALD.
Business Office: GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL BLDG., NEW YORK CITY.

AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, Grand Central Terminal Bldg., 70 E. 45th St., New York, N. Y., July 11, 1942, Vol. LXVII, No. 14, Whole No. 1704. Telephone Murray Hill 3-0197. Cable Address: Cathreview. Domestic, 15 cents a copy; yearly \$4.50; Canada, \$5.50; 17 cents a copy. Foreign, \$6.00; 20 cents a copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMENT

MILITARY observers have long speculated on the possibility of a giant German pincer movement toward the oil fields of Mesopotamia and the Caucasus. Last week these conjectures took definite and terrifying shape. After one of the great sieges of history, the magnificent defense of Sevastopol crumbled and that strategic Black Sea base, probably battered beyond possibility of immediate use, fell to the Nazi invader. With the Crimea in his hands, and control of the Black Sea seemingly assured, Hitler is now free to drive southeastward toward the oil fields of Caucasia. Meanwhile, far to the south, the other arm of the pincers was reaching out across the Egyptian desert toward the British naval base at Alexandria and the Valley of the Nile. Ultimately, if everything proceeds according to schedule, the prongs of the pincers would meet in Iraq or Iran, strangling Turkey and threatening India with mortal danger. But military campaigns, especially on such a gigantic scale, have a way of not working out as planned on paper. A long, hard road, over some of the worst terrain in the world, lies ahead of the German army before it can claim Batum and Baku, not to mention the sturdy, stubborn forces of Soviet Marshal Timoshenko. Similarly, despite the disaster in the Libyan desert, the British army may yet manage to hold Egypt. After a week of bitter reverses, the situation can be summed up by saying that the whole Near East lies in a grave, but not hopeless, peril.

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ON March 3, the House Ways and Means Committee began hearings on Treasury proposals to raise an additional \$6,700,000,000 in taxes, a sum later raised to \$8,700,000,000. Now, almost three and one half months later, it is putting the finishing touches on a bill which, experts estimate, will bring in about three billion dollars less than the Treasury asked for. What complicated the work of the Committee was the necessity of taking into account a double objective: the raising of revenue to meet the enormous costs of war, and the siphoning off of excess purchasing power. With the production of consumer goods cut to depression levels, the anti-inflation aspect of a tax bill becomes just as important as its revenue-producing feature. On both counts, the proposed bill has aroused widespread criticism. Conservatives and orthodox economists, generally, believe that the Committee ought to have recommended a sales tax and dipped with greater zeal into small pocket-books. Other groups are staunchly opposed to a measure that deals gently, speaking relatively, with corporations, leaves tax-exempt securities immune, permits separate returns by husband and wife, and taxes an individual making as little as ten dollars a week. Obviously, the thought of impending elections was never ab-

sent from the Committee room. In an understandable effort to please all groups, Chairman Doughton's Committee succeeded in pleasing none. Now the measure goes to the Senate Finance Committee, but before that happens the President, according to talk in Washington, may appeal to the country over the heads of Congress. We are inclined to agree that the original Treasury proposals are superior, in important respects, to the bill reported out by the House Committee.

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SIGNIFICANT bubbles from the social leaven at work within warring England occasionally rise to the surface. One sees pictures of titled ladies working in defense industries along with middle class girls, and other things of that kind. Similarly symptomatic of great social changes was the revolutionary educational proposal of Richard Austen Butler, Minister of Education. After the war, according to his plan, we may see the cloistered privacy of the great public schools invaded by deserving poor boys supported by scholarships. Some modicum of state control would seem to be absolutely necessary. For as one correspondent, writing from London, remarked, taxation has so depleted large fortunes that a peer may need help as well as a plumber to put his son through Eton. With cosmic issues occupying the public mind, this proposal may seem relatively trifling. Nonetheless, to one who knows England's history, it is indicative of the changes we may expect in post-bellum English society and in the English concept of democracy. It is a symbolic social straw in the whirlwind of war.

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EXPRESSING disappointment over the results of the nation-wide campaign to collect scrap rubber, President Roosevelt extended the drive another ten days. When this announcement appeared in the press, 218,998 tons had been turned in, a figure far below pre-campaign estimates, which ranged from 700,000 to 10,000,000 tons. This all adds up to nation-wide rationing of gasoline in the near future, since there appears to be no other feasible way of conserving existing supplies of rubber. To look back now over the past two years and count up the blunders that have been made in the rubber program, is an academic pastime. The failure to build up a stock-pile before Japan gobbled up Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, the selfish policy of British and Dutch rubber interests, the cartel agreement between Standard Oil of New Jersey and I. G. Farbenindustrie, the slowness in embarking on a synthetic rubber program—all of these are milestones along a way we have passed. But the time has come to stop stumbling. Adequate rubber

supplies are so essential to the conduct of the war and the functioning of our domestic economy that the President ought to dump this problem in the lap of a special committee of experts, giving them complete power to draft a program, without fear or favor, which will insure at the earliest possible time the rubber we need.

FAILURE of the Senate to accede fully to the demands of the House farm bloc left the agricultural appropriations bill deadlocked in committee. The Senate, following the leadership of the White House, wants to give the Department of Agriculture authority to sell a limited amount of huge Government-owned wheat and corn surpluses at less than parity prices, but the farm bloc in the House will have none of it. A similar *impasse* exists on the Senate-approved appropriation of \$222,800,000 for the Farm Security Administration, which the House slashed to \$127,070,000. The stand of certain leaders of the farm bloc, in and outside of Congress, on these two issues is difficult to understand. By opposing a reasonable appropriation for the F.S.A., which rehabilitates poverty-stricken farmers, encourages family-size farms and diversified crops, and by fighting at the same time this disposal of surpluses at less than parity price, they seem to take a position on the side of those who favor large-scale, commercial agricultural enterprise. In so acting, their position with respect to the small farmer and our growing agricultural proletariat appears analagous to the relation which exists in industry between giant corporations and little business. As H. C. McGinnis points out elsewhere in this issue, the small, family-size farm is today threatened with extinction. The present stand of the farm bloc, it seems to us, can only hasten this disastrous event.

MUCH as it may pain our patriotism to admit it, there does seem to be active and shrewd enemy espionage in the United States. Experts declare that a submarine campaign does not succeed unless the captains of the underwater craft have accurate information on the sailing times and routes of the vessels which they are stalking. The F.B.I., of course, is doing good work and their latest exploit in the amazing capture of enemy agents and a cache of explosives for sabotage, will gladden the whole country. Still, the average citizen has thus far failed to take with sufficient seriousness the Government's warning that loose talk can cost lives. The war is uppermost in everyone's mind and it is an immature and dangerous man who will gain the spot-light by relaying rumors and "confidential" information he has picked up. If a patriotic citizen has any real knowledge of subversive activity, of course, he should communicate with the proper authorities. He may be of real assistance to them. Not that this is a plea for amateur sleuths who would only hamper the work by being over-suspicious or by taking the law into their own hands. But for the rest, let us keep quiet, lest loose talk

may send a torpedo plunging into a transport or a freighter or a navy vessel. "Closed for the duration" is a good oral motto for these dangerous days.

"WE WILL return and will be proud to help you restore liberty to the only Christian nation in the Orient." This was President Roosevelt's pledge to the gallant people of the Philippines, and it was re-echoed on June 29 in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, New York, by the Most Rev. John F. O'Hara, Delegate to the Catholics in the Armed Forces. It was re-echoed before the gallant leader of those gallant people, for President Manuel Quezon and his party were there for the eight o'clock Mass. Said the Bishop, in his sermon:

Our own nation has been enriched and inspired by the loyalty and brilliant courage of the citizens of that nation who stood shoulder to shoulder with us on Bataan and Corregidor.

We Americans owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Catholic Philippines. They have fought and are still fighting for our liberties, and fought better than they might have, because they are Catholics and therefore patriots. By all means, let us decorate our Kellys and our Bulkeleyes, but save a warm "thank you," if not a medal, for the little Juans and Marias of the Philippines, whose Catholic heroism has served so valiantly the freedom of Americans, yes, even of those who don't think much of Catholics.

DRAWN from a nation of well educated people by a process of fairly thorough sifting, our Army has an extraordinarily high I.Q. Talking to the convention of the Catholic Library Association, Dr. Franklin Dunham, Executive Director of the National Catholic Community Service, pointed out that the man in uniform today is reading books of higher quality and more solid content than his A.E.F. predecessor of the last war. Dr. Dunham makes the excellent point that from among the uniformed youth of today will arise the leaders of tomorrow; and that the leisure-reading of these men now will be a definite formative factor in their thinking then. There were 200 delegates at the convention from the United States and Canada and each received a copy of the new "Victory Book List for the Armed Forces." The books listed depict the Catholic way of life.

PIPES will not echo for a time "from glen to glen" in Londonderry. They used to (remember?), in the Londonderry Air, *alias Danny Boy*. Butchered as it was by many a nasal tenor, it was, all the same, a noble tune. Now, though, the Irish country-side re-echoes to another—riveting guns, dynamos, the clanking of steel, all the clamor of a naval base in Londonderry, all set to take a great part in the battle of the Atlantic. It is a clamorous new tune, but a cheerful one, for if it is sung, and only if it is sung manfully and with a lift and lilt, will we ever get back to the singing of Londonderry Airs, at all, at all.

THE NATION AT WAR

IN a joint statement, issued recently, President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill asserted the Allies would launch operations that would divert German strength from Russia. . . . United States bombers attacked Japanese-occupied Wake Island, destroyed parked aircraft, damaged shore installations. . . . Youths in the eighteen-nineteen-twenty-year-old group were registered. . . . An official, more complete list of Japanese losses in the Battle of Midway showed four enemy air carriers sunk with all their aircraft and most of the plane crews; sunk also were two heavy cruisers, three destroyers, one or more transport or cargo vessels. Probably sunk were one destroyer, one transport. Heavily damaged were two or three battleships, two heavy cruisers, three transports. . . . A compilation of total American casualties thus far in the war showed for the Army 769 dead, 1,226 wounded, missing not given; for the Navy, 3,153 dead, 6,795 missing, 960 wounded. . . . Launched were the destroyers *Mackenzie*, *De Haven*. . . . The FBI arrested eight Nazi saboteurs who were landed from submarines on Long Island and Florida. . . . The first major expeditionary force of United States Marines landed at a South Pacific port. . . . President Roosevelt disclosed that May's production totaled nearly 4,000 planes, more than 1,500 tanks, nearly 2,000 artillery and anti-tank guns, more than 100,000 machine and sub-machine guns. . . . Eighteen Allied merchant vessels were destroyed by enemy submarines or mines in the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean, off the Atlantic coast. . . . Four small United States naval craft of the anti-submarine patrol were sunk. . . . Announcement revealed that a large United States Naval Operating Base has been constructed at Londonderry, North Ireland. . . . The United States aircraft carrier *Wasp* made several trips to Malta, brought planes for the defense of the beleaguered island. . . . United States Army bombers aided in the bombing of Tobruk and of Axis columns in Egypt. . . . In the Southwest Pacific, General MacArthur's aerial squadrons attacked Celebes and Timor, destroyed Japanese aircraft on the ground, started fires in wharf areas. . . . Japanese attacks on port Moresby, New Guinea, were met by Allied interceptors. Fifteen Nipponese planes were lost or damaged. Four Allied fighters were missing, two pilots rescued. . . . The Allied sky warriors bombed Lae, New Guinea, hit enemy troop dispositions, airdromes, military buildings. One Allied raid by land was staged on Salamau, New Guinea. Sixty of the Japanese garrison were killed or wounded and equipment captured. Allied casualties amounted to two soldiers wounded. . . . In addition to the land operation, four aerial assaults were made on Salamau, large fires started, damage to installations effected. . . . Tulagi and Bougainville, in the Solomons, were also hammered by the MacArthur air forces. . . . President Roosevelt appointed a military tribunal, composed of seven Army generals, to try the eight Nazi saboteurs who landed on Long Island and Florida.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

WASHINGTON FRONT

WHOSE WAR is it? Biggest puzzle worrying Washington these days is not what Roosevelt said to Churchill or what Churchill said to Roosevelt, nor where the second front will be, nor how many tons the great rubber hunt will turn up, nor any of such things. It is what the rest of the country thinks of Washington. The most contradictory opinions filter in to us. For instance, it was remarked that the last primaries, Oregon, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Alaska, show a uniform excess of thirty per cent of Republican voters over Democratic. Does that mean that the Administration's war policy is unpopular, or that the Democrats are so sure of themselves that they did not bother to come out? You takes your choice, even if you didn't pay any money. Then again, how explain the resistance of the Mid-Western Senators and Congressmen to the proposal to ration gasoline in order to conserve rubber? Does that mean that the mid-section of the country (its largest part) does not feel itself in the war in the same vivid sense that the East and West coasts presumably do? We are assured by columnists of varied stripes that the people of the country are more "in the war" than Washington is. I take leave to doubt that statement, if it means that Washington is worrying about the outcome of the war less than the rest of the country. Washington, as I see it, is keenly conscious of the fact that for six months we have never been very far away from complete disaster. The Libyan fiasco was the least of its worries. It is Russia, India and China it is worrying about, more than half of the world.

What is really worrying Washington is not the state of the country, however, but the state of mind of the individual citizen. Is it possible that as a group we are all prepared to make every possible sacrifice, but that we are each of us thinking, or hoping, that the sacrifice will pass us by, as individuals? This is an election year, of course, and Congress, including a third of the Senate, is acutely conscious of the news from back home, which comes to it individually, not as a group. My favorite taxi driver reports that he just came back from driving a bus to Seattle, Wash., with a load of Navy men, and back again empty, except for the stray soldiers who thumbed him across the country. I asked him how the people he met in small hotels, filling stations, and hamburger stands between here and there were taking the war. His answer was terse: "No like." You see why Washington has the jitters?

It occurs to me that maybe Washington is to blame. Maybe it has not interpreted the war to the country. Maybe it has felt that because the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and took Corregidor, there is nothing more to explain. I sometimes wonder if Washington itself understands the war. It is a war of survival, no doubt, as the President said. But why? Do all of us realize that there is a revolution on foot?

Washington is waiting to see if Mr. Elmer Davis' new outfit will give us a truer picture.

WILFRID PARSONS

THERE has been a movement in England to legislate "denominational" (and therefore parochial) schools out of existence. Against this threat His Eminence, Cardinal Hinsley, spoke out vigorously some two weeks ago. Quoting Cardinal Manning, the present Archbishop of Westminster reiterated the child's right to Christian education, the parental obligation to guard this right, the evil of state interference. Solidly behind their leader are other members of the British Hierarchy, the Most Rev. Richard Downey of Liverpool, the most Rev. Henry J. Poskitt of Leeds, the most Rev. D. J. Hannon of Menevia.

Briefly, we are to be administered out of existence. But we have no intention of submitting to anything of the kind. We regret to see the Church of England giving up its schools, but we shall continue to struggle for denominational schools even though we fight alone.

Thus militantly did Archbishop Downey state the problem and the Catholic attitude.

NEITHER clear nor concise was *Time's* reporting of a joint statement by officials of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the National Conference of Catholic Charities on the subject of mothers employed in war industries. John S. Gilchrist, Secretary of the N.C.W.C. Bureau of Information, wrote a letter of sharp rebuke to the editors of *Time* for "a most unwarranted interpolation and inference." The statement had declared that mothers should be employed in war industries only as a last resort. *Time's* version was:

Only as a last resort . . . 'should married women with children be employed (in the armed forces).'

Said Mr. Gilchrist:

Nowhere in the report was there any mention of the WAACs or of women in the armed forces.

Time had captioned the article "Catholics v. WAACs."

LATEST utterance on the problem of mothers in war industries comes from the Most Rev. John A. Duffy, Bishop of Buffalo. Complaining that such employment creates a domestic dislocation which threatens the integrity of the home, Bishop Duffy goes on to show that the city cannot substitute for the mother by caring for her child while she is at work. Far more fundamental than any transient problem is the essential sanctity of the home; hence any enterprise that violates that should not receive public approval. Bishop Duffy proposes a solution:

. . . exhaust first of all the available potential labor supply of manpower, single women and wives without children, and return from industry the mothers of children and put them back where they belong—in the home.

It is the Bishop's firm conviction that if we lose the home, that will void any victory which our armed forces secure.

THE N.C.W.C. News Service has a remarkable and authentic letter from a French priest who must, of course, remain anonymous. Addressing himself "to the members of all religious bodies" he tells of a terrific undercover battle of propaganda; with the invader trying to break down French morale,

and a valiant group struggling to sustain it. Despite rigorous censorship and constant surveillance, these patriots keep an uninterrupted stream of handbills and pamphlets in circulation. The priest-correspondent makes an appeal:

Help us! Help us because we are fighting desperately for a cause which is also yours! The cause of God, of Christianity, of morality, of all civilization!

High costs of printing and distribution are cramping the work and may disrupt it entirely. Everything must be issued by hand as the mails are too dangerous. Young boys of proved devotion and valor carry the anti-Hitler writings from town to town, escaping both French and German police.

IN occupied Belgium, the Nazis were quick to turn the Requiem Masses of volunteers killed in the Russian war into political demonstrations. Setting up the Nazi flag or the Lion Flag of Flanders (which is the banner of the Flemish Nazi group) in the church, these agitators would make a rally of the funeral. Against this abuse Cardinal van Roey forbade his priests to permit any such unseemly intrusion. Now the Nazi propaganda is misinterpreting the Cardinal's order to make it appear that he prohibited Requiem Masses for the dead volunteers. The *London Catholic Herald* sees this fomenting of anti-clericalism in an intensely Catholic people as an ominous presage of widespread persecution.

AN apostolate of example and influence which recalls the prophetic "A little child shall lead them" is taking place in Wales as a strange, spiritual by-product of the war. Into this country the Catholic children of the Archdiocese of Liverpool have been evacuated and the sincerity of their testimony to the Faith has made itself felt. As one parish priest said:

Already signs are not wanting that Welsh families have been impressed . . . and have begun to think differently of the Faith.

Wales' seven thousand square miles of mainly rural country include nearly one million souls but only fifteen thousand Catholics.

ATTENTION is called to the thoughtful letter, the first in this week's *Correspondence*, from Mary Agnes Felin, on "Plans for Good-Neighborliness." It is distinctly refreshing to find a correspondent who is not satisfied with merely expressing the idea that things are wrong and "something must be done about them." Miss Felin goes much further. She has a clear idea what might be done, and she makes concrete suggestions as to the persons and organizations who can reasonably be expected to be interested in carrying out her proposed Latin-American program. Hers are only suggestions. The idea she has in mind could be extended to a great array of other Catholic organizations; but she has outlined possibilities sufficiently to show how a really fruitful notion in the field of Catholic Action can be put into effect by a division of labor. Our finest Catholic thought should be mobilized to keep inter-American activities from being dominated by crass materialism.

A CATHOLIC SERVICE INTERPRETS THE PORTENTS BEHIND THE NEWS

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

DO you know that the Nazis are trying to strangle the Church financially by abolishing church taxes on real property? Have you heard that the God-makers Association of Japan has recently sold about 300,000 stone images of the Mikado? Are you aware that Yaroslavsky, President of the League of Militant Atheists, has been demoted to another Soviet post and not replaced? Did anyone tell you that S.E.I.C., the "cultural" press service mailed to Catholic leaders in Latin America, is nothing but a camouflaged version of the "Catholic Press Service" founded by Dr. Goebbels in Berlin?

It is necessary to increase this kind of authentic first-hand information regarding the war between Christianity and the Nazi-Fascist-Jap paganism. It is even more necessary to evaluate such news correctly, to place it in its proper setting, to relate it accurately to other items of information, to clarify and interpret it for busy people. But the most necessary task of all is to employ this same news, not as an end in itself, but as a means of establishing contact with those who are more or less unaware of the spiritual values behind the news and of the profoundly spiritual issues at stake in this global war. To gather, interpret, edit and disseminate foreign news, particularly for religiously uninformed and secular leaders of public opinion, constitutes, in a nutshell, the work of the American Center of Information *Pro Deo*.

Religious information and a religious interpretation of current events are more needed now than ever before because there is more ignorance than malice in the modern world. To attack God openly requires only a minimum of courage and intelligence, but to forget about God requires no effort at all. That is why genuine atheism is rather rare today, while ignorance, indifference and forgetfulness are the real problem. The largely paganized masses hold no antipathy toward God; they simply ignore Him.

The history of the post-Reformation era shows very few anti-God crusades but a very strong trend in the direction of a total secularization of social, political and economic institutions. This almost complete divorce between God and public life was achieved in time to make possible the rise of Fascism in Italy, the birth of Nazism in Germany and the catastrophic defeat of France and other European countries. Those leaders of public opinion who refused to be ruled by God have now discovered, in the event, that they are ruled by monsters.

In the United States, also, there are hidden dangers in the general ignorance and forgetfulness of God. The passion for news has replaced the burning passion for ideas which characterized not only the Middle Ages but our own Colonial period. The diffusion of facts without principles has served only to create a sort of tabloid mentality which is not worthy of a rational being who, normally, wants to know the reason behind the event. The dictatorship of slogans and catch-phrases can become as dangerous in America as it was in Germany in the early stages of Nazism.

The general situation is so depressing that we are driven to search for causes. Who are the responsible parties? Ortega y Gasset, in his *Revolt of the Masses*, points out that any society will consist of a dynamic union of two factors, the minority (elite) and the majority (mass), and that it is the function of the minority to direct the majority. Mass-ideology, then, is born at the "top" and from there filters down through the mass, where it becomes a force making either for stability or for violent change—both in fundamentals. Theories framed by the elite are translated into mass emotional urges, and action follows. Thomas F. Woodlock's thesis, powerfully expressed in his *The Catholic Pattern*, is that the present disorders are the consequences of grave aberrations of thinking at the "top."

What of tomorrow? The question of the future is: will the leaders of public opinion, who will determine the ideology of the masses and hence the behavior of the masses and the shape of society, be pro-God or anti-God?

The utmost realism must be brought to bear on the problem whether any improvement of the general situation is possible. If so, is there a reasonable chance of success? It would appear that the masses are impressionable; that they can be aroused to many diverse forms of activity; that they can be swept to lower as well as higher enthusiasms.

A prominent European journalist recently described for me the effect of one of Hitler's harangues. On May 1, 1935, Hitler addressed 150,000 men in the Berlin Tempelhof. After a clever satire on the decadent, divided and quarrelsome democracies, he described the "mighty" achievements and ambitions of the Third Reich.

"We will achieve our ends," he shrieked. "And if I have to lie, I will lie for the good of the great German people. And when I have to betray, I will

betray for the good of the great German people. And when I have to kill, I will kill for the good of the great German people."

Suddenly there was a terrific roar of 150,000 voices: "Heil, Heil, Heil!" This expression of the aroused instinct of superiority, aggressiveness and domination, smashing every obstacle and every code of morality, was so nearly irresistible that my friend had to keep a violent grip on himself to prevent being carried away on a vast tidal wave of fanatical enthusiasm.

The same journalist also told me the story of the wonderful 1936 Congress of Malines. On the last day of the Congress, 200,000 men and women took part in a stirring religious drama in the immense Heysel Stadium. The articles of the Creed were recited and the enormous audience responded with the electrifying and soul-stirring affirmation: "Credo!" This demonstration was even more impressive than the boundless enthusiasm of the mobs of Berlin.

We must have no illusions. The power of demagogic exploiters of evil passions and instincts is immense. But it is likewise true that the slumbering goodness in the masses is potentially stronger than anything on earth. These slumbering forces of faith, devotion and self-sacrifice need only to be awakened, energized and put in motion. In America there has been much forgetfulness of God, but there has never been an outright apostasy of the masses. Quite the contrary. The vast majority of our people would, if questioned, assert that they were "strong for religion" as a good thing for everyone. While they are ignorant of Christian doctrines, religion is so deeply rooted in our tradition that most Americans will, when called upon, say a good word for it.

But how to reach the masses? Through the leaders of public opinion. But how engage their attention? Certainly not by lengthy treatises but by the approach of good exclusive news. The next question was how to obtain this news.

The war, which destroyed many news agencies in Europe, brought to the United States the possibility of obtaining the exclusive right to material from sources of information which Hitler had not been able to destroy. Prior to 1939, the great international press agency CP of Breda-Brussels (*Commission Permanente des Directeurs et Journaux Catholiques*) issued daily press releases to 1,750 newspapers and radio stations in thirty countries and developed in the *Pro Deo* movement positive religious propaganda on a huge scale—millions of leaflets, hundreds of thousands of booklets, an ever-increasing number of radio programs, numerous religious slogans in newspapers, thousands of illustrated posters in railway stations, streetcars and busses, and large numbers of electric or neon signs on churches and office buildings. With the war, this vast network of press and religious propaganda agencies was destroyed, but as early as September, 1940, the international services were re-established in Lisbon.

There was no special need for more spot news or for more Church news, but there was still an

unexplored third field—the reporting and interpreting of those current events which have a connection with religion and which, because of the war, would interest Christians and non-Christians alike. It was possible to use news items as carriers to convey a basic and very simplified ideology, reduced to a few ideas.

After a few introductory bulletins, starting September, 1941, announcing the establishment of the *Pro Deo* movement in the United States, the first fortnightly issue of *International Correspondence*, a six-page interpretative news service dedicated to the clarification of spiritual issues, appeared on January 15, of this year.

The American Center of Information *Pro Deo* is now trying to develop a rather unusual form of journalism. The specifications, briefly, are that it must combine the best features of American and European techniques—brevity, clarity and depth. The attempt is made to integrate scattered bits of information which, in their totality, show a pattern or trend of some importance. An important phase of the work consists in digging beneath the surface of things, in probing for ultimate causes in the passing parade of events.

In his January message to Congress, for example, President Roosevelt made reference to the Nazi plan by which the Bible and the Cross would be displaced by *Mein Kampf* and the naked sword. As great interest had been aroused in the tenets of this new pagan religion, Hitler's religious policy from 1919 was outlined, showing that the Führer was convinced that, once the blood consciousness of the Germans had been awakened, a purely national religious faith would inevitably be born. In a few years, however, no less than eleven racist sects had been organized, each one hostile to the others. It became clear that the awakening of racial consciousness would never bring about religious unity in Germany, and that the feuds among the eleven racist sects were doubtless endangering Nazi party unity.

Rosenberg's thirty-point program, therefore, began to receive serious consideration. Under Article 15 of this program, freedom of thought in racist circles will be abolished in favor of *Mein Kampf*. Nothing must be added to this "most important document of all times"; nothing must be taken away. Therefore Hitler has apparently been driven to the conclusion that positive and absolute dogmas are so terribly important that no enduring church, or creed, or religion can be created without them.

It will be seen that the news article did not presume a deep interest in religion, but merely took advantage of an interest in the proposed National Reich Church. We not only gave all the background material necessary to understand the Nazi plan, but we indicated the importance of dogmas. We did not introduce the subject of dogmas as a sort of extraneous apologetic postscript; we merely probed deeply enough into the Nazi plan until we turned up a basic cause.

The average American dislikes dogmatism in religion. He prefers a sort of vague Golden Rule

philosophy to the thorny and uncompromising dogmas of integral Christianity. We did not argue with him but simply called his attention to Hitler's experience. Hitler also disliked dogmas, but he discovered that the masses were reluctant to fight and die for eleven different varieties of racist "truth." He discovered that he must turn himself into a prophet and make *Mein Kampf* a Koran.

The clarification of one truth in one news article will not change attitudes overnight, but we may reasonably hope, over a period of years, to influence public opinion in a *Pro Deo* direction. The fact that fourteen prominent columnists and radio commentators are now using our service shows that *Pro Deo* is not just a dream but a movement on the march.

MRS. CROWLEY SHOWS WHY NUNS ARE MERRY

DORAN HURLEY

THE rambler roses and the vined honeysuckle cloaked Mrs. Patrick Crowley's little white cottage with fragrance and loveliness. I stood at the picket gate admiring it and heard her call out softly behind me.

"Another minute, and I suppose I'd have missed you. I don't imagine you'd have patience enough to sit down on the stoop and wait, since you took to gallivanting about the country." She hurried up to me, a little breathless.

"Reverend Mother sent over young Emmett Cahill from the school to see if she could have the lend of the loan of my good traveling bag. I took it over myself to explain about the catch. She and Sister Natalina are off for the Catholic Summer school to take courses."

"You're still all in all with the nuns, I see," I said playfully.

"Well, I should hope so," she answered me tartly. "Little enough recognition they get without me stinting them of it, who should know better. And I don't only mean our own nuns of Mercy at the convent across there; but any nuns and all nuns, anywhere and everywhere. The world would be a sad place, indeed, if it weren't for the good nuns. And it certainly would amount to even less than it does now, a good deal less. But you'd hardly understand or agree to that, maybe, being just a man."

"Oh, come now, Aunt Abbie," I protested, "I'd be the first to agree with you in that. Especially about the sadness of the world if the merriness of nuns were taken from it."

"Just what do you mean by that last remark?" she queried me suspiciously, and her old eyes prepared to flash.

"Just what I said. Nuns are the merriest people I know. They are merry in God is what I mean. I think you know that better than I."

"Indeed, I've known it since first the Sisters came to Millington," said Mrs. Patrick Crowley emphatically. "Few there are who know it better. I mind how Mother Mechtilde, who was the great builder here, used to march in to the old Bishop with some project on foot; and when he'd ask what assets she had available, she'd chuckle and say: 'My Lord, I have the sense of humor God gave me, and the statue of Saint Joseph you gave the convent.' I never heard the like of the sweetness of the laugh that Mother Mechtilde had always. She was ever as merry as a grig."

"Her line is not lost," I said. "Every nun I ever met had the holiness of laughter."

"Of course, they did," said Mrs. Crowley vigorously. "When the dear Lord made their hearts the recipients of His every grace, you may be sure He did not leave out the earthly saving grace of a sense of humor. And yet I suppose there are still people moping through the streets today who think that nuns are sisters of sadness and sorrow, and daughters of gloom. Heaven's sakes, you couldn't serve the Lord in all your days and hours and not be gay. It's the same way with those, even of our own, who think that nuns are backward and behind the times—at least a little. I'll tell you you couldn't find anywhere in these United States a brainier executive and business woman than our own Reverend Mother at the convent. She could give cards and spades to anyone I ever heard tell of, and still not lose her trick. I'll bet you couldn't."

"Oh, couldn't I?" I said teasingly. "Then I could."

Mrs. Patrick Crowley glared at me. Then, "of course you could. And I'll tell you who it might be, and that only. One of the good nuns . . . or six or seven of them . . . that you met on that trip of yours out to the Middle West. Nuns that have even more responsibilities than our Mother Theresa." Her voice was wistful. "It must have been a great treat to you, meeting the greatness of holy women, the way you had a chance to. It must have given you a mightier sense of the fulness of our Holy Faith. And I'm willing to wager you didn't meet a sad or a sour nun in the lot of them, high position or low."

"Indeed I didn't," I assured her emphatically, "it was fun, fun all the way."

"Now I hope you remembered your manners," frowned Mrs. Patrick Crowley. "I do hope you weren't too bold or forward, to give a bad impression. That wouldn't be nice. You know I wouldn't like that."

"Well," I said, "One Golden Jubilarian did say as she swept before me through a doorway, 'Age before impudence'; but she said it with a twinkle. Truly, Aunt Abbie, I thought of you always, and every nun in terms of you, even the younger ones. It seemed to work very well . . . honestly it did."

The old lady tossed her bonneted head. "You're pert enough to me sometimes, though I must say you're never downright sassy. And I guess if I understand, those nearer to God than I surely

would. Oh, you must have had the grand time. Tell me of the different ones."

"Well," I said enthusiastically, "there was a little Sister Miriam for example. When I was Father Tom's guest at St. Mary's, the very moment I came back from speaking anywhere, Sister would rush in with a bottle of my favorite root beer lest my throat be dry."

"Root beer, says you. Hmnh! You *were* on your good behavior."

"And Sister Bernadette, the superior," I went on blandly, "a nun who had great responsibilities of management; and yet the kindest of persons, nun or no nun, I ever met. And Sister Theodora, a great school principal. And smart, energetic Sister Scholastica, my spiritual adviser."

"Now, what would you mean by that last?" asked Mrs. Crowley, all agog.

"Look at my lapel pin," I said proudly. "With Father Gardiner I was invested as an honorary member of Quill and Scroll, the journalistic fraternity or sorority. And Sister Scholastica is our moderator."

"And a weak literary sorority sister you'd be, if it wasn't for me," said Mrs. Crowley tartly but with a merry gleam. "I'm glad though they recognized Father's worth. He makes for very good, intelligent reading, I must say."

"Ah, but listen to what Sister Mary Jacques said to me at another college. She was head of the English department. She came up to me with Sister Vincent Ferrer, the dean, and said at once: 'Sister and I are especial friends of Mrs. Patrick Crowley. And I'll prove it. Sister's name is Colahan and mine is Galvin!' You can imagine what a happy afternoon I had that day."

"The darlings," said Mrs. Patrick Crowley. "And the Sister Erin you were always writing me about. How I'd love to meet her."

"And she you," I said. "She was a Golden Jubilarian, too, and a Doctor of Philosophy, but full of lovely fun. Father Vin when he met her called her 'a poised Irish gentlewoman,' and she was that surely. She was the nun whose autograph book I signed on Saint Valentine's day, and very daringly I put a heart after my usual drawing of the shamrock of the Trinity."

"Oh my!" said Mrs. Crowley.

"Oh, my, nothing!" I said. "It made for great jesting among the Sisters. That's where all nuns are Irish, you see, no matter what they were born—in their sense of fun. Sister Mary Angelica, the poet, said that to me on Saint Patrick's Day when she proudly displayed the knot of green at her wrist. 'I'm not actually Irish,' she said, 'but I'm that close to it. I'm Catholic.'"

"And I'm sure you found them all being so Catholic being great in their Americanism," said Mrs. Patrick Crowley.

"That's certain. Here's an amusing instance of how great their Americanism is. 'Let me show you my great treasure,' said Sister Nathalia as she hurried before me into the school library. And this was in Brooklyn, you see . . ."

"What was it?," broke in Mrs. Crowley eagerly.

"What could it be . . . but a Brooklyn Dodgers' baseball, duly autographed by all the players on the team."

"Go 'way!" said Mrs. Crowley delightedly. "And still they say nuns aren't modern."

"I said that myself one day," I admitted ruefully. "I was having cake and coffee in a convent after a talk, and I wanted a cigarette and yet was timorous about pulling out my package. I asked that same Nathalia if the nuns there were 'modern'. She looked at me strangely as did the others. You should have heard the glee that arose when they found out what was behind my unfortunate phrasing. In a minute they had the chaplain's room raided for my comfort; but how they teased me."

"I don't suppose you had the honor of meeting a Mother General, did you," said Mrs. Patrick Crowley wistfully. "I suppose you wouldn't. They'd be very imposing like a Cardinal of Rome, I imagine."

"Not Mother Innocentia," I said, "for all her coastwide responsibilities; but rather so modest and demure that, not knowing, you might well take her for a lay sister. That is, until you met her mind in conversation. Nevertheless, even then she had true humility."

"I see now, as you say that," said Mrs. Patrick Crowley slowly, "how it was the Blessed Lord never called me clearly. I thought of it after Dermot was grown and deeply after he died. But I knew myself well enough to know that I would be very unsettling to a community unless I was the one on top. Now I can see that I wouldn't have been the right one even there, for all my push and go."

"That's part of the greatness of nuns, humble in the Lord in the high places and proud in the Lord in low. In their whole lives they live out the *Magnificat* of Mary, don't they? Teaching in our schools and academies and colleges; working in our hospitals today the same way they worked long ago teaching Miss Nightingale by their example; taking care of our orphans and our aged; on missions at home and far afield; and kneeling in constant prayer in cloistered convents—they fill out in their lives the whole lives of womanhood. High scholastic degrees, great executive ability, the richness of genius in science or letters, all that is submerged in the greater good of God and Christ's commandment of love of neighbor."

"The way of Martha is combined in every nun with the way of Mary. Why not? For theirs is the way of Christ among men, teaching and healing and praying."

"Oh, I tell you," said Mrs. Patrick Crowley, "the world too little knows the humble glory of our nuns. But I'll tell you who knows it. There's many a boy on sea or land or in the air today who knows it; and goes forward that much more bravely for his country, because he is encompassed with the prayers of some Sister Mary Joseph or Sister Mary Dominic who taught him in school, and who is remembering him before the Lord now."

"And may the prayers of the nuns I know and revere be about me when I am called," I agreed with Mrs. Patrick Crowley.

BIG ONES EAT THE LITTLE ONES IN MACHINE-MADE FARM CRISIS

H. C. McGINNIS

AN estimated one and one-half million people left the nation's farms during each of the three years prior to 1940—the last year for which figures are available—and over 40,000 of the families involved were farm owners. Many of these unfortunates come from very productive farming States with no unusual climatic features. Most of such dispossessed people become migrants, others settle on submarginal land to eke out bare existences, still others crowd into city slums where they live in unbelievable squalor. These disasters come mostly through the rapidly increasing trend in American agriculture toward mass production. In farming, as in industrial life, the big ones are eating the little ones.

If the present trend remains unchecked, that dependable anchor of civilization—the family unit farm—will soon be a thing of the past. While there are still thousands of productive, family-size farms which afford a healthful and satisfactory living for large families and then a sufficient income for the parents upon their old age, they are becoming strikingly fewer with each generation. This trend, largely due to agricultural inequalities, has been greatly accentuated during the past decade or so. This is due to several proved reasons.

Of the reasons, two are most important. One, easily corrected by a change in Government regulations, is a development in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration's workings which the Government never expected. The other is the rapidly growing system of "farm management" which invites the consolidation of scores of family-size farms into huge tracts which are farmed mechanically for absentee landlords, usually corporations or big business men. There are also two reasons why the general public must become conversant with these farm trends. First, the time is at hand when the nation's political democracy must be translated into economic democracy. Second, any matter which affects adversely thirty-three million people constitutes a social problem which cannot be safely ignored.

The AAA program, which was intended to help small farmers, has caused—through its \$10,000 limit on benefits—the large owner who formerly rented most of his ground to take over this land for personal operation. In other cases, the "haves" have dispossessed tenant farmers by overbidding them when their leases came up for renewal. On the surface, it would appear that this affects only

tenant farmers, but it also affects the family-size farm as we shall later see.

In one sparsely populated North Dakota county, thirty families were put off their farms in this way and the Tolan investigating committee found that most of them went on relief, since other work was not locally available. In another Dakota community, one farmer farms 8,000 acres and when his AAA payments reached the maximum limit, he deeded land to his son who became the possible receiver of another \$10,000. Another Dakotan, owning land in two counties, asked twenty of his renters to move so he could become eligible for maximum AAA benefits. In Iowa, one farmer, originally farming 200 home acres, leased 40 acres 3 miles away, 440 acres 6 miles away, and 320 located 75 miles from home. Motorized, rubber-tired equipment, plus trucks for carrying smaller pieces, make such farming possible.

In communities where productive land and excellent highways make such farming possible, the impact of dispossessed tenants is not immediately felt. Families dispossessed from northern Iowa's rich farms, for example, may crowd out those on southern Iowa's poorer lands by outbidding. These southern Iowans may later dispossess people on still poorer Ozark land. The Ozarkians, not being able to find cheaper land, either hitch up Old Dobbin or crank up the jalopy and, with their meager belongings, swell the migratory hordes who flood the West and Southwest.

Continuing this illustration, we see that while the dispossessed tenant is usually forced to leave the district, the family-size farmer also suffers, either through bankruptcy or a greatly reduced standard of living. When large-scale, mass-production farming invades a district, its operators, well heeled, use only the latest equipment which reduces unit cost considerably. In the Corn Belt, mechanical pickers, by eliminating much hand labor and many other costs, enable their owners to sell corn at a price which drives the smaller man out of business. Machines are being developed which not only pick corn mechanically, but also shell and bag it in the same operation, delivering it ready for market without the cost of further handling and storing.

Such developments eliminate the 80 to 160-acre farmer, for only large-scale operators can afford such equipment and, say what you will, the man with the hoe is not competition for tractor-powered, mechanized equipment. Incidentally, there can be

no just complaint against the increased use of mechanized equipment which increases production and lowers food costs to the consumer. The problem is to use machines to produce more wealth and create better living standards for the many, not a very few. In today's farming, as in industry, machines can be a boon to everyone, eliminating drudgery and bettering living standards, or else a means of further stripping the "have-nots" by the "haves."

Since it is evident that the present economic system is not based upon a sufficiently high morality to cause those who are driving America's farm homes into oblivion to cease their selfishness, nor is there sufficient morality in those farm bloc legislators, who are supported by those who are hogging Government benefits, to give any great hope for corrective legislation in the near future, obviously the family-size farm and its occupants are in for continued rough sledding. Community-owned mechanized equipment of the latest type, which will permit the small independent farmer to compete successfully with the low production cost of the large operators, seems a logical answer.

But the dispossessing of the settled tenant farmer by those who find the AAA's offerings too tempting to ignore need only be temporary, for an adjustment in the benefit scale, favoring the small farmer either by decreasing the \$10,000 maximum or else by spreading payments rather thin as they reach the top, would end much of this evil. Some such changes are badly needed, for, although temporarily lessened by the war, the migrancy of farm families has reached crisis proportions. Some say that most of these migrants are of the habitually ne'er-do-well type, but the Tolan committee found otherwise. In one group of 1,343 migrant families examined, only 11 were habitual roamers, 10 were subject to unknown causes, and the balance were victims of injustices in our agricultural system. The families examined ranged from 3 to 11 persons each and the ages of the family heads ranged between 25 and 45, the greatest productive period in farming.

However, the correction of back-firing Government regulations is not the complete solution. Mammoth-scale farming under farm management systems for absentee landlords threatens to create a class of farm barons who will rival the princes of industry. Comparatively few people who are not directly connected with or interested in agriculture realize the growth of this trend which threatens the security of twenty-five per cent of the nation. When one talks about large scale farms, he means those with a minimum income of \$30,000 annually.

The Tolan committee, investigating why over 4,000,000 people wander over the country homeless and jobless, uncovered some startling facts. In Ohio, long known for the prosperity of its family-size farms, a 9,000-acre farm was one brought to its attention. This one farm meant the end of many small farms and the closing of many happy homes. One expects 9,000-acre farms in the wheat country, but certainly not in States like Ohio where diversified crops have been the rule. Several other

Ohio farms approached this one in size. Similar conditions were found in other States where, a few years ago, 300 acres were a large holding.

In one Arizona district, there are 35,000 acres of cotton owned by absentee landlords, virtually all living in other States. A reputable committee witness reported that he saw not a single first-rate dwelling in the district and, in fact, very few of any kind. The exceptions were houses for foremen and shacks for irrigation tenders. During the growing season, however, the land is dotted with tents and shacks of migrant workers. The tract is under the control of professional farm managers whose sole interest is to make profit for themselves and the owners. Obviously there is no place here for the family-raising, independent grower, who cannot hope to compete with his mammoth neighbor.

A reliable survey made in 1938 in California showed 38 farming corporations holding 991,009 acres. \$72,825,295 was reported by 18 corporations as the value of the land and improvements tied up in 428,131 acres. Another corporation reported a book value of \$25,152,660 for its farms. How can a farmer feed a family when he has to buck competition like that? The answer is, he does not. When the family becomes too hungry, he either moves into the hinterland to do subsistence farming or else becomes another migratory worker.

Most of the large-scale operations are under the management of management concerns which style themselves "master farmers." Staffed by men who study the latest scientific methods and then devote themselves to mass production and increased profits through mechanization, these organizations encourage absentee landlordism by making it profitable. In order to operate economically, the management concerns must unite large acreages, which are usually owned by wealthy industrialists and by corporations which seek to escape taxes. One management company operates 190 such acreages, including a 2,000-acre one owned by a railroad.

The increasing number of wealthy industrialists who have become absentee farm owners is significant. In some wealthy circles, it has become all the rage. Such practice can scarcely be called a fad, for farms operated by professional management offer a safe place for surplus funds. Perhaps a deeper lying reason is that mass production tends to lower the price of farm products—for obviously the small producer must match the selling prices of his big competitors—and cheaper food means less demand for higher wages.

So the absentee landlord, when an industrialist, plays both ends toward the middle. He not only makes farm profits; he also depresses food prices so that industrial workers will increase his profits by not demanding wage increases. Not satisfied with that, he often further increases his profits by buying his farm equipment from its manufacturers, thus eliminating the local implement dealer who is now wondering how long he can last. With his territory denuded of inhabitants and with absentee owners buying direct, this time-honored community service is preparing to fold its tents and silently steal away.

In sections where professional-managed, absentee-owned farms exist, conditions become steadily worse for small farmers. While those few who are hired by management companies to handle mechanized equipment are much better off than farm laborers, the less fortunate are reduced to seasonal laborers or, stubbornly continuing farming, compete against ruinous prices. Their sons, who formerly acquired farms by first working as farm hands, then renting and finally buying, now seek either industrial employment or migratory labor. Their daughters also must seek elsewhere for husbands and homes of their own.

The more one goes into the ramifications of this problem, the less inviting it becomes; for it affects not only the nation's farm population but will ultimately dangerously lower the national social standard. The entire situation is only another aspect of laissez-faire policies, and since a higher morality in the nation's economic life does not appear imminent, cooperative production by small farmers seems the best practical answer immediately available.

SCIENCE WILL WORK FOR ANY MASTER

VINCENT E. SMITH

THE President's request of an additional \$73,000,000 appropriation for the Office of Scientific Research and Development brings into sharper focus the remarkable part that science is playing in fighting our present war. Though the firing lines are strung around the globe, the war is being waged to a great degree in the front-line laboratory trenches of science where the inventive genius of America struggles with the needs of military and civilian life. A three-man committee consisting of Rear Admiral Willis A. Lee, of the Navy; Brig. Gen. Raymond G. Moses, of the Army; and Dr. Vannevar Bush, civilian representative and director of the O.S.R.D., has been announced by Secretary Stimson to coordinate the military tactics of our armed forces with the "scientific inventiveness of the country." The progress of present-day warfare is greatly determined by the progress of science.

Dr. Bush's Office of Scientific Research and Development, through the National Defense Research Council, a subsidiary unit, does the bulk of its work in university, private and industrial laboratories scattered through the country. The National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel, a Federal board, has made a careful checkup of the nation's scientific talent and supplies names when the Army and Navy pose new projects for research.

There is a place, too, in the war effort for amateurs. The National Inventors Council, a Commerce

Department agency, encourages amateur talent to submit ideas for both military and civilian needs. Though the vast majority of the more than 70,000 inventions sent in to the Council in the twenty-one months of its existence have been without value and oftentimes of the "crack-pot" variety, occasionally a practical idea turns up. More than two hundred suggestions from amateurs have been accepted by the Army and Navy. The Nazis overran Europe largely because of Germany's technological prowess—Germany is the only industrial nation on the continent. But the brains of our scientists are matching and mastering those of Germany and Japan, and, thanks to science, our bombers, our tanks, our warships, numbers being equal, have proved to be superior to theirs.

The great achievements of modern science are one of the glories of the ages. Not to mention the knowledge-value of the empirical study of both living and lifeless matter, the conquest of disease and the harnessing of nature for the service of the machine age are monuments more lasting than bronze. Somewhat like Cicero, who found more joy in meditating on the creators of Athenian beauty than in the art-work itself, we cannot help but admire the great geniuses of modern times who have pushed back the frontiers of the physical world and made it the servant of man.

The Anglo-American world gave the modern West its technological character. It was in England that the Industrial Revolution began and in America that it reached its fullest expression. Accustomed as we are to the wonders of the laboratory and to the mass production of our belt-line assemblies, Americans are looking toward science and industry as our most potent allies in the war effort. But where does science stand in times of war and what is the deeper meaning of science as a co-efficient of culture? The Office of Scientific Research and Development has thrown into relief the tremendous importance of science. But we can still ask the question: important for what?

In the nineteenth century, and in our own day, it became fashionable to reduce all values to a scientific level and to make science an end, important in itself. Auguste Comte, whose statue still stands in Paris before the Sorbonne, which became a hotbed of Positivism, thought that culture had outgrown the theological and metaphysical stages of development and was about to be emancipated by physical science for the golden age of progress. Ribot held that positive science would gradually occupy the territory once reserved for metaphysics. In education, the place of the liberal arts was usurped by technical subjects. The effects of the movement in the sphere of religion are summed up in the new materialism.

In short, science has permeated every region of human activity, and the apparent success of its inventions and discoveries has given a semblance of right to its claims as the supreme arbiter of human values. Disturbances in both the physical and moral orders have been—and still are—met with the answer that science has *not yet* arrived at the point of dealing with them but that all problems, in both

the world of nature and the world of man, will eventually be solved simply by a universal application of the scientific method. Yet, if science be the ideal cultural dynamic, how is it that a civilization based largely on science is actually destroying its own self instead of marching onward to Utopia?

The answer is that science of its nature is not only incomplete. Taken by itself it cannot make sense. We rightly take pride in the material progress of America, made possible by science and symbolized by such an unusual group as the Office of Scientific Research and Development. But we must not confound cultural progress with the advance of science, or judge the rightness of our cause in the present war by the comfort and convenience which are sometimes regarded as the pointer-readings of Anglo-Saxon superiority.

If our yardstick is purely material progress, Nazi Germany, with its modern cities and modern factories, had a higher culture than pre-war France, which has always been, by and large, a peasant nation with a wide distribution of landed ownership in the provinces. But material things are not in themselves criteria of right and wrong. In themselves, they are indifferent and may be used for good or for evil according to the philosophy of the users. Science and industry, apart from all other considerations, are passing trifles in the vacuum of a meaningless world. The Nazis and the Japs are using science for the spread of an evil philosophy; whereas America, through the O.S.R.D., is calling on the genius of American science to ward off the evil and to spread the four freedoms. In both cases, science is not an end.

Science is only a servant; it is the intelligence and will of man which are its masters. Our way of life is not worth defending simply as a culture forged on the anvil of science and industry, but only as a body of principles capable of directing material things to the high spiritual end that alone gives them meaning. It is a gross error to exaggerate, as many have done, the importance of science and industry. They may now be our allies, but in themselves, they are indifferent. They are neutral. If America continues to be paganized by the deep errors that have already run their course in Europe, our science and our industry will be turned against the very principles we are now fighting for, and soon thereafter science itself will disappear.

Science is not possible in a pagan world, a world that believes only in sense-data and sense-knowledge. There must be a deeper intellectual and moral dynamic to provide the conditions which make science possible. In this sense, Professor Alfred North Whitehead, of the philosophy department at Harvard, has written: "But for science something more is wanted than a general sense of the order in things. It needs but a sentence to point out how the habit of definite, exact thought was implanted in the European mind by the long dominance of scholastic logic and scholastic divinity."

But the heritage from the Middle Ages has been almost spent, and what will science lean on afterwards? In a very real sense, a scientist as such cannot educate a scientist. He can teach a student cer-

tain principles and certain techniques, but the ability to use the fullest powers of reason on a given problem and to think along original lines without becoming a mere dreamer—these are the results of a long discipline in a disciplined environment. If we stress only science in our curriculum, we will eventually curb even material progress, and the age of positivism that was supposed to glorify science will end unquestionably in the suicide of science itself.

This is another object-lesson to be drawn from the contemporary war effort. We need all the scientific talent of the nation to win the war, and we are justified during the emergency in soft-pedaling subjects that are not directly involved in the war effort. But like so many other emergency measures, the increased emphasis on technical subjects—already great enough in pre-war days—and the concomitant neglect of the liberal arts is likely to survive the war as a permanent institution.

Science may defend us for a time from our enemies; but in the end it will not defend us even from ourselves unless we look outside science for moral guidance. In point of fact, we can only save science by restoring the moral dynamic that gives sense to material things by making them instruments of a spiritual end. Science may make man comfortable, but it will not make him good. Professor R. B. Lindsay, of the department of physics at Brown University, has written of the "fundamental paradox of modern civilization: the tremendously increased tempo of scientific advance coupled with the moral unpreparedness of mankind for the inevitable applications of science." The machine of itself is a good thing because it enables man to live in accordance with his high dignity; but it is wrong to make an end out of matter.

In this connection, Pope Pius XI, in his Christmas message of 1939, laid down some important principles. Pointing out that, while he condemned materialism, he did not by any means condemn technical progress, he added:

The Church, mother of so many universities of Europe, while continuing to exalt and gather together the most fearless masters of the sciences and explorers of nature, does not fail at the same time to bear in mind that all God's gifts and the very freedom of the human will itself can be used in a way to merit praise and reward or blame and condemnation. Thus it has happened that the spirit and the tendency with which technical progress was often put to use have brought it about that in our time technology must expiate its error and be, as it were, its own avenger by producing instruments of destruction which destroy today what it had erected yesterday.

The Office of Scientific Research and Development and the status of American science in general can rightly inspire hope in the technological power of America to win the war. But it would be wrong to think of America as a superior nation merely because of its advanced science. We rightly have faith in our scientists to help us win the war, but that faith must be backed up by a deeper one, a faith not in science itself but in the moral principles that science is helping to vindicate, namely, our Christian way of life.

DEFENSE OF THE FAMILY

THE ALMIGHTY, said the preacher at Stony Ridge, can do the undoable and unscrew the inscrutable. The Creator's special intervention, however, is not always needed for this purpose. In their recent Joint Pastoral Letter, the Catholic Bishops of England and Wales find that the war has "clearly shown that there is no practical difficulty in solving the main problems of economics. All that is needed is a sufficiently compelling motive, a common purpose."

Must we always wait for war, they ask, in order to discover that common purpose? "The national interest in matters of profits and prices does not differ in peace time from what it is in war time. It is the purpose only that is lacking, the common force of minds and will that is lacking."

Not in mere economics alone, however, but in much more fundamental issues, the war, according to the English Bishops, is arousing Catholic thought to think and plan about matters which have been neglected in time of peace. The compelling motive, the common purpose of defending their country against "dangers that best the Church in other countries" and against influences which are "already at work destroying Catholic life from within" at home, are making it necessary to determine clearly and dispassionately what are actually the "minimum conditions for a Christian way of life."

If we take the ten "minimum conditions" laid down by the English Bishops singly, they can all be paralleled by similar pronouncements in the Papal Encyclicals or by the Bishops of the United States. That families, as a condition for a *normal* way of life, need a living wage, that employers and employed should be partners and not rivals, that wives should not be obliged to go out to work in order to make up the family's wages, are all familiar. From another angle, the Church, too, at home and abroad, has issued frequent warnings against the manufacture and sale of birth-prevention appliances, and against the manufacture and sale of obscene books, and insisted as these Bishops do, upon religious education.

Where the English Bishops, however, drive in a particularly effective spike, is in their straightforward and uncompromising union—as fundamental to the social order—of the family's economic with its moral security.

The family has a claim against the state to be protected against economic conditions that disrupt home life and drive mothers to the factory and send children out upon the street. But the family, for the same reasons and from the same great common motive, has an equal claim against the state to be protected against the commercial harpies who prey upon its morals and murder the souls as well as the bodies of its children. The Catholic stand against these practices rests on basic human rights.

The more effectively this capital point is made clear, the more convincing will be the "constructive answer" that Catholic teaching provides to the questions raised by the new "world order."

EDITOR

SABOTEURS

BAD days have arrived for the saboteurs, plotters and spies. The week opened with the discovery of two gangs, of four men each, who landed from submarines upon the coasts of Florida and of Long Island. They planned to blow up defense plants, wreak destruction upon railroad lines. The Horse Shoe Bend in the Pennsylvania railroad was to be wrecked. In Altoona, Pa., 250 enemy aliens were seized in a sabotage plot. Twelve Germans were arrested in the Brooklyn area.

Into the FBI dragnet came a young man, Nicholas Hansen, a native of Newport, R. I. Hansen was charged with signing a startling statement to the effect that he would willingly have blown up the Torpedo Station, in Newport Harbor, for Hitler. Until about three months ago he had worked at the Torpedo Station.

In Newport and elsewhere there may be a good deal of excitement and some surprise about an instance such as Hansen's. The excitement is understandable, but there is no reason for surprise. Old residents of that well known naval center have for years past expressed wonder at the ease with which it appeared that avowed Communists were admitted to work in such a vitally important plant. Only a very naive person would imagine that a door opened to one type of revolutionary would be closed to another brand. Where the Reds manage to roost, the Nazis can readily find a perch. A little re-reading of Jan Valtin's *Out of the Night* would refresh some memories.

In many parts of the country, qualified workers, loyal and old-line Americans, solicitously excluded from employment in defense industries because of the color of their skin, have expressed amazement at the easy indifference shown by the same industries when it came to taking subversive elements gifted with a fair complexion.

Unpleasant as it is to say and equally unpleasant to think, we are suffering today from the consequences of the thoughtless policies of the past. We have proceeded on the principle that outward appearances and technical skills were everything, ideas and moral qualifications were a matter of total indifference. A very bitter lesson has been taught us as a result, with lessons pointed in new and unexpected places.

FULL OF TONGUES

NORWAY, Dunkerque, Hong Kong, Singapore, Burma, Tobruk, and now the road to Alexandria and the Suez Canal, is the record that the Englishman at home reads today. But he does not read it with a sinking heart. He reads, and then turns to Parliament to ask two questions. To what fault are these reverses due? How can that fault be avoided in future?

The typical Briton can "take it." Bad news acts on him as a tonic, and spurs him to new energy. As Churchill said some months ago, avoiding in his cleverest oratorical manner an answer to the question of a second front on the Continent, a nation whose people form public meetings on the receipt of bad news to demand a fiercer all-out offensive war, is very far from defeat. If these people are now moving on Parliament with pertinent questions, that movement springs not from faint-heartedness, but from flaming courage.

Despite the wails and gloomy forecasts of some of our pessimists, there is no sound reason to suppose that our own people are growing faint-hearted. After a tour of inspection in the middle West a few weeks ago, Allan Nevins the well-known historian, reached conclusions about the spirit of the people which square with the findings reported in this Review by Mr. John Wiltbye, after a similar trip through the far South-West. These people did not favor war, but now that they are in it, their one desire is to pursue it vigorously and relentlessly to final victory. To make their desire effective, they are prepared to give all that they have.

But they do not want to be fed on treacle, as William Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia in the First World War, recently said of his own people in a statement criticizing the Government's censorship of war news. Undoubtedly, no news that might serve the enemy can be given out, but as the veteran commentator, Edwin L. James, recently observed in the *New York Times*, it is bad policy to leave the public completely in the dark, without any explanation of conditions about which radio speakers in Japan and Germany are talking. That policy breeds the very rumors which we are warned not to believe and not to spread. If anything can undermine the morale of the people, it is a steady diet of rumor.

ARTICLE I

LEAF through your copy of the Constitution. One Article, it will be observed, is the longest of the seven by a wide margin.

This Article establishes one of the coordinate branches of the Federal Government. It describes in considerable detail the authority of this branch, and the powers it shall exercise. Not content with their work, painstaking as it was, the framers of the Constitution provided additional powers for this department in the second, third, fourth and fifth Articles.

It is evident that in formulating the First Article of the Constitution, and in referring to it in other Articles, the framers showed their sense of its importance. But it is more than important. It is essential. For without the Congress created by this Article, a Congress wisely using the powers conferred upon it, there can be no constitutional government in the United States.

Tyrants abhor courts. The American ideal is government by law, not by men, with courts to shield the citizen against the Government, should the Government exceed its rightful authority. Where independent courts function fearlessly, there can be no tyranny.

Hardly less bitter is the hatred of totalitarians for law-making bodies, freely elected by a free people. In the American theory, the citizen takes his part in forming the laws under which he lives, by choosing his representatives in Congress. Every second year, all members of the House, and one-third of the Senate, come up for review by the people, and their records are approved or condemned at the polls.

Hence there are no courts and no law-making bodies, in the American sense, in Germany, Italy, Japan, or the Soviet Republics. In none of these countries can the American ideals of constitutional freedom be reconciled with the structure of the Governments which control the people.

Because of these fundamental principles of American government, some recent attacks on Congress assume an extremely serious aspect. Many, of course, are simply new forms of an old political device. These are used for no darker purpose than to defeat an incumbent, or to reward a faithful party-worker. The real object of censure is not Congress, but an individual. Congress may be incidentally attacked, not as an unworthy institution, but as one temporarily debased by the presence of the Hon. John Jones, who is seeking reelection.

Careful distinction between a member of Congress and the body itself, between the branch of government created by the Constitution and the Congress now sitting, will make clear the difference between criticism that is just, necessary, and politically invigorating, and criticism which seeks, as Washington wrote, "to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown." To quote Washington again, "the basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and alter their Constitutions of

Government." But until altered "by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people," he added, the Constitution "is sacredly obligatory on all."

Hence open criticism, based upon truth, of a member, or of a Congress, or even of Congress itself, is not only legitimate, but wholly necessary. Without it, the people have no chance to state their wishes, and to make them effective. It has been charged that this or that Congress has been unduly subservient to the farm bloc, the labor bloc, the "dry" bloc, or to some other group seeking legislation. The citizen who believes this charge to be true has the constitutional right to express his opinion, and his love of good government will urge him to demand an investigation. But what we have to fear are those subtle and indirect attacks upon the institution itself, a law-making body, freely elected by the people, which, motivated by distrust of congressional powers, "seek to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown."

Fortunately, the remedy for faults discerned in a particular Congress is in our own hands. It consists in choosing as members of Congress those men only who are upright, intelligent, and, in the best sense, patriotic.

POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

IN a mid-Western city, a fond mama recently appeared before a court to beg for her little son, now eight years of age. Before we permit our hearts to beat faster at sight of this picture of mother-love, let us examine the record. For his support, this imp is permitted to draw \$6,000 annually from the estate of his deceased father.

But this child, deposes his mother, has special needs. "He simply adores children," she informed a goggle-eyed judge, "and insists on taking his little friends swimming, and to the theatre, and to dinner at his club."

Assuming that the press report is correct, and that the mother is, legally at least, of sane mind, this court action unveils a phase of child-life, and of mother love, which most of us will find novel. First-nighters and clubmen of the age of eight must be rare, and we hope that they will become rarer. Perhaps it can be said without fear of contempt of court that the prime duty of the judge in this case was not to ask how much more money this child needed for his proper support. His first duty was to ascertain whether or not this child was under proper guardianship.

Improper guardianship of poor little rich children is found occasionally, but it will disappear with the disappearance of the rich. What may be more ominous in the coming months and years is the improper guardianship created by mothers who think it a virtue to neglect their children for war work. We may be reactionary and mid-Victorian to a painful degree, but in our judgment the greatest need of the future is good citizens. And to our purblind vision it seems that when mothers are not willing to devote themselves to the creation of that seminary of good citizenship, the home, our future supply will be cut down sharply.

BRASS AND CYMBAL

ONCE upon a time, a poor man was killed in a mine explosion. His associates bore him to the grave with becoming pomp, and on the way back from the cemetery sorrowfully wondered what would become of the penniless widow and the little children. At last, one man who had taken no part in the wailing, spoke up to say, "Well, I'm sorry for them to the extent of ten dollars. To what figure are you sorry for them?" At that point, the meeting hastily dissolved.

The story is told in many forms in different language, because it reflects a common and unlovely trait, of which most of us have at least a trace. Were all our expressions of sorrow over the woes of widows, orphans, the sick, the poor, and of the world in general, to be put in print, the present shortage of paper would become truly alarming. For nothing is easier than to be a Good Samaritan, without any wine or oil, or any intention of paying the inn-keeper's bill.

Here we have some reasons why we should study the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthew, vii, 15-21) as though it were an exhortation particularly intended by Our Lord for us. The main theme of Our Lord is a warning against "false prophets," and He tells us that we can distinguish the true from the false "by their fruits." The same test is applicable to us as Christians. In some form or other, we have been saying, "Lord, Lord," all our lives, but if that is the only fruit we have borne, we shall be met at the gates of eternity with the words, "I never knew you."

What are the fruits which Christ may expect of us? Our Lord tells us in our Gospel, "He who does the will of my Father in Heaven shall enter the kingdom of Heaven," and we know from His teaching that the will of our Father is our sanctification through obedience to His law. When we come before Jesus to be judged, we shall not be asked how well we have preached, but how well we have lived. It may not be very difficult to talk about obedience to God's Holy Will, but it can often be difficult to the point of requiring heroic virtue, to live in accordance with that Will.

While a searching examination of conscience is particularly recommended at the beginning of a new year, it is very useful for those who wish to make their religion a matter of deeds, not words, to begin a second one at the expiration of six months. Look into the storehouse that is your soul, and see what fruit has been garnered. When Saint Paul wrote to the Corinthians (I Cor. xiii, 1-13) he pointed out that if our stock of that fruit of the Spirit which is charity does not abound, we are "nothing." Saint Paul was a very practical man, who never underrated the value to a missionary of "the tongues of men and of angels." But he wrote that all oratory, without charity, is "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

We have sounded and tinkled long enough. During the next six months, let us endeavor through faith, and through love of God and our neighbor, to bring forth fruits worthy of a follower of Jesus.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

MEMO FOR GOOD-NEIGHBOR PLANNERS

HAROLD C. GARDINER

WAY back, when Gutenberg was fiddling around with his moveable type and giving the world its first printing press, there were not a few who smelt in the new-fangled idea a distinct aroma of brimstone and sulphur. "What a hellishly stream-lined way," they cried, in effect, "to broadcast false ideologies where there are no voices to be raised in opposition."

Well, the more one deals with books, the more frequently the temptation comes to agree with a hearty "yea, amen." One begins to wonder if it really was a good thing that printing was ever invented. For one thing, if it had not been, we would not have to write, and what a relief that would be, for the parties of the first and second part, respectively.

My latest (at date of writing) wrestling with this tempting allurements was a nerve-racking business. It happened like this. I had just finished reading an analysis of sixty-five books which are being recommended to young people by the United States Office of Education, in cooperation with the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. They are recommended in a booklet, *Our Neighbor Republics*, and their whole purpose is "to aid teachers, librarians and parents in furthering a better understanding of the Americas among children in the United States."

So much talk babbles merrily on these days about getting to know the Latin Americas, that we thought it might be a good idea to see how it was working out in this one practical instance. So, we had the list analyzed. And what turns up? Or do you suspect already, cross-fingered, that here comes another of the eternal squawks from the Catholic press?

We'll take that up later, but just now, let's look at what was found. Of the sixty-five books, sixteen are ones against which Catholics can enter a well founded protest. That is twenty-four per cent, roughly one-quarter; and there are plenty of books of this type from which to cull a list that will not be so stupidly objectionable.

Why are these books offensive? Four of them are for the simple reason that they are openly bigoted, and two of them, the worst, are from the same author, Anne M. Peck. They are: *The Pageant of South American History* and *Roundabout South*

America. Of the first of these, Miss Mary Kiely, Editorial Secretary of the *Pro Parvulis Book Club*, herself an author and an authority on children's books, says:

This book, described on its jacket as a contribution to the study of the culture and arts of South America, is in fact antagonistic, generally and specifically, to the main cultural basis of South-American life. Every page in the book is interlarded with observations that are not even veiled sneers. They are open sneers, untruths, garbled accounts from history, and as insulting to South Americans as any book could be. I think one of the South-American Ministers ought to be given this book for analysis and reaction, so it could be banned in public libraries and on this list.

On only four of the list can such strictures be passed, but even that, of course, is four too many. The other twelve books that make up the sixteen and the twenty-four per cent, are offensive and objectionable because they are "neutral," where precisely to be neutral is to be false.

For it is a truth about our Southern neighbors, which our diplomats and good will ambassadors are slow to recognize, that you cannot get a catholic view of life south of the Rio Grande without getting the Catholic view. Nor can you give one without giving the other.

Hence, when we have a book like *Neighbors to the South*, by Delia Geez, wherein is never a word about any religion being practised (the word "religion" is not even in the index), though the blurb on the jacket tells us that it deals with the culture of the Americas, that is not a simple omission, but a distortion. As Miss Kiely remarks of this type of book, the natural inference from them is that there is no religion in South America at all, because even South Sea travel books usually describe tribal religious customs.

Quite naturally, we do not expect or want religion to be mentioned in each and every book written about countries, even about countries that have a vigorous religious life. So, in this present list, we do not put on a Popish pout because the Church is not mentioned in the books in the section devoted to "Nature." But when the subject happens to be history and culture, to skip the obvious ancient and modern place of the Church in the South-American scene is like writing a political history of the United States without once deigning to notice such things

as the Bill of Rights and the Constitution. Not to be informed about them is to be positively misinformed.

The compilers of this list have apparently recognized, in a vague sort of way, that something had to be said about all this Catholic business, and so there are a few titles that do deal specifically with Catholic beliefs and practices; of these, two are excellent, *Two Children of Brazil*, by Rose Brown, and Alida Malkus' *The Citadel of a Hundred Stairways*; three others are fair, but strained in their efforts to represent a Faith they do not comprehend.

Now, all this adds up to a pretty feeble score for the compilers of the list. And this pointing out of it is not, as you may have suspected, just another Catholic gripe. There is no suspicion that the compilers were guided by any open prejudice and closed minds. What is obvious, though, is that they did not think about taking the simple and obvious step of getting the expert advice of Catholics who really know children's books.

There are such Catholics, and it is a shame that, in a program designed to promote good will between the Americas, there is not a practical demonstration of good will among the North Americans. Catholics are patriotic and stand ready to contribute their brains and their energy to the Good Neighbor drive, if the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs will ever think to call upon them.

The general verdict passed on the list was: "There is really a lot of good stuff they have left off and most they have included is very new. It is a dull, stilted list, even stupid." A few Catholic critics could not have hurt, and might, conceivably, have helped to make this small working out of the Good Neighbor plan both good and neighborly, and a good neighbor does not insult you, either by slapping you in the face or by giving you an icy brush-off.

HEN-EGG MYSTERY

RAYMOND A. GRADY

IT WAS during my third year in the ninth grade at Prone Pressure Grammar School that the School Board called in a psychologist or a psychiatrist to see about getting some of us older residents on into high school, to make way for several younger generations whose advancement we were holding up. I remember this man peered unbelievably at me and asked me which came first, the chicken or the egg.

Well, I mean to say, after all! I lived on a farm, and I knew that before you could get eggs you had to have a chicken. So I gave one unhesitant vote for the humble hen. And he threw me into confusion—a nasty bump I got, too—by asking where we would *get* the hen, if it didn't hatch from an

egg. I was too stupid to think of asking him where *he* would get his egg, if he didn't have any hen.

I forgot the great hen-egg mystery in the intervening years. But today it was stirred up, in a modern form, by Question Grady, who is too smart for her own good, I think. The proper answer to any question she asks is: "Who cares?" But that doesn't satisfy this confounded youngster. She wants to dig into primal causes and things like that, which we of the *ignorentzia* are content to ignore, along with the ingredients of hash and the nature of lightning.

She asked me today, for instance: "Which was made first, Daddy, the roll, or the sausage in the hot dog?" Now that is touchy to answer. Anybody can see the things are complementary, like "fair" and "warmer," or "sit down" and "shut up." But which came first?

Yes, I know about the sandwich. But the hot dog imbroglio is something else again. Nobody would bake a roll in that shape just for use as a roll. And nobody would make a sausage of that size, shape and disposition for use *qua* sausage. My own idea—I am investigating it—is that one of those Dupont fellows, experimenting with coal tar, air and water, one day produced the hot-dog sausage. It was a good joke, at first, around the plant, and the boys had many a good laugh about it. But the complexion of things changed when the Duponts, keen not to waste even a joke, began to demand a use for the sausage. There was heated talk, recriminations, that sort of thing.

And then, later on, a stage director, confronted with the necessity of producing a harmless, ephemeral billy with which a low-comedy policeman could strike a straight man, hit on the idea of baking a *bread* billy. Rubber, then as now, was too scarce and priceless for ordinary use. Pierre Dupont attended that play, and learning the composition of the billy, leaped into instant action.

With the debut of the long, small roll, the Dupont problem was solved. Pierre saw the possibilities at once, and the one Dupont failure was turned into a spectacular success.

That is my story. I believe it. Those Duponts do invent most everything, you know. Maybe they even . . . say! I'll bet if the truth is ever known, it will be found that one of those Dupont boys made the first hen out of coal tar. Or maybe it was the egg he made first; I have tasted eggs that retained a coal tar flavor.

Books on and translations from South America come thronging from the presses so thickly these days, that some guidance is needed. Following the Literary Editor's remarks on the inadequacy of a recent list of books of this type, next week we will feature an article by a South American, well versed in the literature of that Hemisphere, who dwells on the fundamental religious nature of all, even the radical, fiction from below the Border. Cultural relations must remember that.

BOOKS

TO SAVE OUR VICTORY

THE PROBLEMS OF LASTING PEACE. By Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2
DISCUSSIONS concerning the establishment of peace in the post-war world fall usually—quite roughly speaking—into one or the other of two categories. One category deals with the aims and purposes of peace: in whose interest is it to be primarily established; what evil influences are to be combated and what secondary interests are concerned, etc. The other deals with the methods by which peace may be organized; the "machinery" of peace. This latter is the chief preoccupation of this expert essay; the fruit of a lifetime of experience gained not from books alone but from two high vantage-points: the Presidency of the United States, and first-bracket diplomatic service extending from 1908 to 1937.

Messrs. Hoover and Gibson relate their considerations to certain fundamentals. A durable peace must be based upon victory, not compromise. Realistically, it must take into account the "dynamic forces" which make for war or peace in civilization. Some organization or machinery for international cooperation must be provided. Finally, the American people must begin to think of the problems of peace.

Wisely, they do not attempt to present detailed plans for this organization, but rather certain ideas that must necessarily animate it, and urge that these ideas should be generally understood. "The American delegates to the peace table," they observe, "should not only be armed with the principles of peace which America believes workable but they should have an understanding people behind them."

In accordance with a rapidly gaining general opinion, they favor a long armistice as the necessary prelude to any peace organization that will not suffer the disasters of the Versailles era. Positive measures for disarmament, they hold, should be taken immediately, "while the world is sick of killing and wants action to end it." The brief opportunity that will then present itself should be seized upon. "Action should take place within weeks, not months or years, after the firing ceases." Deeply engraved upon the minds of the peacemakers should be the authors' warnings against the folly of mass punishment, reparations and revenge.

While a good part of the essay is given over to a lengthy historical analysis, the most vitally interesting parts would seem to be an objective and practically useful study of the various reasons, for and against, for different types of peace organization, contained in the thirteenth chapter. The authors are so clear and specific upon matters which lie within their unquestioned competence, that an unwary reader may not notice the rather facile manner in which other fundamental issues are passed by, as is seen, for instance, in the casual treatment (p. 222) of the question of immigration and colonies. Little light is shed upon the crucial problem of national sovereignty under the future regime of international cooperation.

It is not altogether clear what the authors really mean by the restoration of "economic freedom"; nor what significance is to be attached to an elaborate parallel between war and peace aims of President Wilson and President Roosevelt, to which the fifth chapter, with some apparent animus, is devoted. If some censure for the eloquent formulation of idealistic principles is intended, some of this censure, it would seem, might attach to the peace principles declared by the Holy Father and by other religious leaders.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Hoover and Gibson for the definiteness with which they have projected their

platform. They speak earnest and necessary warnings against illusions and unrealism in the peace. The architects of the future order should be deeply indebted to them for the practical, constructive suggestions that they offer within their own chosen field.

JOHN LAFARGE

THIRD WAY OUT

THE UNFINISHED TASK. By Lewis Corey. The Viking Press. \$3

THE enormous Megatherions, "as ugly as were ever born of mud," predicted by Carlyle, are all about us today, in the form of divers economic systems clamoring for adoption. War with its artificial necessities and pressures has not solved the choice; the aftermath will inevitably throw it back in our laps, bristling with a thousand new difficulties and post-war dislocations. Left-wing writers, enlightened by the Marxian analysis and relying on Marxian predictions, are instant in repeating that there are only two ways out, Fascism and Communism. The author of *The Decline of American Capitalism* blueprints in this new book in some detail a third way out, economic reconstruction for democracy.

With a masterly analysis of Fascism and Communism as a foil and a background, he indicates the imminent danger that threatens the American way of life, in a finance capital which spawns huge monopolistic corporations, which keeps prices and profits up and production down, which is intrinsically subject to recurrent crises, etc. Government aid and assistance are more and more frequently invoked, with the result that we are well on the road to that combination of political and economic power which is the essence of totalitarianism. Professor Corey advocates the transformation of some thousand monopoly corporations into non-profit public corporations, operating in a constitutional order and granted the largest measure of industrial self-government compatible with the need for unification and planning. He tries to show how government, management and labor can all function together for production and the maximum good and explains how a system of checks ensures balance of power and prevents any of the partners from assuming unwarranted powers.

Professor Corey would be the first to admit that *The Unfinished Task* leaves its task unfinished and that it is little more than an invitation to cooperative discussion. And it is here that its value lies. There are some interesting parallels with the Papal program that would repay study. It is always a surprise to observe the ignorance of the Papal Encyclicals in the growing literature on this subject of economic reconstruction. I venture the opinion that Mr. Corey would be surprised at the measure of Democracy and industrial self-government advocated and guaranteed by the Corporative Society of the Encyclicals, but I suppose knowledge of the Encyclicals is too much to expect from an author who asserts, in passing, that in 1539 (*sic*) the "Order of the Jesuits" was founded to "reform" the Church and crush new ideas.

Probably the greatest defect of the solution is the expectation that the millennium will arrive when professors and writers on economics make clear to functional classes and groups in society the issues at stake and the part that they have to play. It is perhaps the inevitable result of the author's purely pragmatic concept of humanitarian morality.

This is a difficult book to read, one which cannot be finished in an hour or a day. At the risk of being trite, I would call it a thought-provoking book.

JOHN L. SHEA

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NEW WORLD'S INHERITANCE

THE WIND BLEW FROM THE EAST. A Study in the
Orientation of American Culture. By Ferner Nuhn.
Harper and Bros. \$3

IN this book Mr. Nuhn attempts, and fails signally, to solve the problem of "what exactly is the New World's inheritance from the Old World and its relation to American cultural development." That he has wit, intelligence and a knack for trenchant English phrase, he proves by his chapter on Henry James which is shrewd, amusing and even, as far as it goes (an important qualification!) sound. Unfortunately, his thinking is wholly undisciplined, and his knowledge of the history of ideas in general and of the idea-content of America's European heritage in particular is of the sketchiest—disconcerting limitations in a philosophic historian of American culture.

His own philosophy is a medley of scraps of pragmatism and idealism: a coherent elaboration of a line of thought is wanting; instead we get, in the more abstract parts, an articulation of the author's emotions, hopes and aspirations. Writes Mr. Nuhn (p. 206): "The question [of T. S. Eliot's essays] is whether . . . a man can trust his own vision of truth, or must still trust someone else's—for dogma is other men's visions codified into a system." Mr. Nuhn trusts his own vision of truth, and it leads him mostly to platitudes slightly revamped, or else to a turgid and pretentious pseudo-mysticism.

There are passages in the last chapter which read like the democratic counterparts of the tirades of such Nazi oracles as Möller van den Bruck. Mr. Nuhn has his heart in the right place, but that is not a qualification for writing valid philosophy. He does not know. For instance, on p. 4 he writes: "I think some of Rousseau's self-pity and wishfulness may have got into modern thought about society and progress, and has not helped it where it has." The sentiment, somewhat sloppily expressed, is unexceptionable; but the studies, in this field, of Seillière, Maritain and Maurras, not to mention others, leave no room for such guessing: one knows, or one doesn't. That Mr. Nuhn misses altogether the point of Rousseau as an architect of Modernity is evident from the four paragraphs immediately following the passage we have just quoted.

But the prize instance of point-missing through liberal prejudice and the lack of philosophical discipline occurs on p. 192:

According to the theory that (Henry) Adams was pleased to occupy himself with in his later years, the Dynamo in the twentieth century promised to take the place of the Virgin in the twelfth. That was where science was leading the world, he insisted, toward the worship of pure force. . . .

Mr. Nuhn comments: "In the twentieth century as in the twelfth there might be many who worshiped power or force. True scientists and philosophers, however, continued to be devoted to knowledge and truth, and not to power." How true! But why doesn't somebody tell Mr. Nuhn about that bad man Hitler?

EUGENE BAGGER

THE COMMANDOS. By Elliott Arnold. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.50.

THE dust jacket, not always the surest guide, calls this one "a love story of the war." This is to damn it with accurate description. Actually, *The Commandos* is a factual account—the rule book with trimmings—of Commando selection, training and raids, all added to a love-plus-adventure yarn. In essaying both fact and fiction between the same covers, Mr. Arnold has failed spectacularly in both.

The first few chapters of the book recreate a Commando raid on a Norwegian coastal village with convincing vividness and feeling. Here the author does a good job of imaginative reporting. But he manages to spoil his effect of immediacy, of danger and alarm, by bald paraphrasing of the book of rules. The love story



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THE FABULOUS PEOPLE. By Robert Norman Hubner. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50

THIS tale is laid in Tokyo at the opening of the "Chinese incident." The actors are the men and women—white for the most part—who seem neither to toil nor spin, but who are ever conscious that their days in Japan are numbered, and who are therefore resolved to enjoy life to the full. As the book-jacket states they are "as rare and motley a crew as you have ever encountered." They appear to do little work, and their days and nights, especially the latter, are taken up with parties, drinking and sexuality. Indeed, they are faint echoes of the characters of Hemingway immediately after World War I.

The story is centered, if at all, on the love affair of an American for a Japanese girl, a love blessed by neither church nor state. On the fringe of this affair move many nationalities and types which constitute the "motley crew" mentioned above. Possibly one would meet such men and women in a city torn with the anticipation and the fever of war, but these people are such that one would not wish to meet them again. The narrative is punctuated with varied opinions on Japanese manners and customs, the emphasis being on the incapacity of the Japanese to use authority in the manner of decent men. There is a priest in the book, but why, and for what purpose, it is difficult to see. From all this you will see that this book is just ordinary, if even that.

J. A. O'CALLAGHAN

THE CLOSED SHOP. By the Rev. Jerome L. Toner, Ph.D. American Council on Public Affairs. Cloth edition, \$3.25; Paper edition, \$2.75

THIS is the second book that has appeared within the past few months which no one interested in industrial relations can afford to ignore. (The other was *The Dynamics of Industrial Democracy*, by Golden and Ruttenberg.) It deals with the complex and difficult question of the closed shop which has attracted more attention in recent years and stirred up more bitter controversies than any other single problem of industrial relations.

Father Toner has attempted to deal with the issue dispassionately and completely. After a brief survey of the present controversy, he searches English and early American history for the origins of closed-shop practice, and finds, quite contrary to much of the current propaganda, that it is "a genuine part of American tradition." In two meaty chapters, employer opinion on the subject is contrasted with labor's attitude, and the strange case of the railroad Brotherhoods, which, despite their strength, have never demanded the closed shop, is adequately explained.

Since the closed shop is ultimately an ethical problem, Father Toner devotes an entire chapter to the position of the Church. His conclusion is that "the teachings of the Popes and their interpretation and application for American industry by the Archbishops and Bishops lend substantial although not specific endorsement to the closed shop."

This is a scholarly, well documented work; objective, though only in the sense that arguments are honestly presented. Father Toner's own sympathies, as Monsignor John A. Ryan points out in the Foreword, are for the closed-shop principle. There is an index and a very extensive bibliography. An otherwise excellent job of book-making has been marred, however, by some careless proof-reading.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

JOHN L. SHEA, professor of Economics at Canisius College, Buffalo, received his degree from the London School of Economics.

EUGENE BAGGER, author of *For the Heathen Are Wrong*, is engaged in writing his second book, soon to be published.

RILEY HUGHES, instructor in English at Providence College, has been eight years a book reviewer for Connecticut papers.

THEATRE

LAUGH, TOWN, LAUGH. Aside from the few disgruntled souls who cannot see anything good in any stage offering at this season, the town is laughing over Ed Wynn's new show. That's what Wynn wants it to do, when his audiences settle down comfortably in the Alvin Theatre to enjoy his presentation of himself and others in expert, high class vaudeville. It is thoroughly enjoyable. But, incredibly, it is even more than this. It is *clean*!

I emphasize this point because it is the first clean vaudeville show we have been offered this season. Each of the other three vaudeville offerings brought a new companion with it. That companion's middle name was *dirt*, usually supplied by a so-called "interlocutor." So another of our fine old stage traditions—that vaudeville must be clean—was scrapped. Until Mr. Wynn appeared with his new company, we had to take dirt with our vaudeville or leave vaudeville alone.

A number of spectators left it alone. Those of us who hopefully attended the shows preceding Mr. Wynn's, subsequently wished we also had left it alone. To us, vaudeville has never been so dead as since its so-called revival. We have had to sit through the dirt supplied by several interlocutors that we might see those features in the program which once made vaudeville so fascinating—the dancing, the animal acts, the sleight of hand, and all the rest of the "turns," as the British call them.

"The turns" are as good today as they ever were. The men and women who present them are the fine, clean, hard-working types *they* have always been. But between their acts we had to listen to an interlocutor—sometimes to two of them—spewing out an amount of dirt and vulgarity that made decent spectators sick.

One of the shows had an interlocutor whose dirt seemed constantly with us. There was also a "turn" by a young man in the uniform of an American private soldier of the first World War, whose jokes and gags disgraced that uniform. That particular company is now off the stage. I hope the interlocutor and the misguided actor who disgraced the uniform are off it "for the duration." They will be a lonely pair; for it is an interesting fact that decent human gatherings outside the theatre will not tolerate filthy talk.

But let's get back to Mr. Wynn. He is giving us, as his own director and producer, a thoroughly good vaudeville show, worthy of the past and a lesson to the present. There isn't a dirty word in his presentation of his acts, nor is there a dull moment in the acts themselves. Beginning with Mr. Wynn, and straight through the bill of fare, the spectator is offered a good time every minute.

Consider the list of acts: Jane Froman, a beauty and a charming singer; Carman Amaya, a Spanish cyclone dancer and her gypsy company; Joe Smith and Charles Dale—a famous pair, as timely now as they were twenty years ago; Señor Wences, a unique ventriloquist; the famous Hertzogs, a trapeze team who furnish a thrill a minute; the Volga singers, who bring Russia right into the Alvin; the Hermanos Williams trio, South American acrobats who break all records in personal grace and charm, and who give us one of the best balancing acts I have ever seen; two professional Badminton champions in an exciting game; Hector and Pals, a fine animal act.

Amaya's Spanish dancing is unlike anything you've ever seen; not fire alone, but thunder and lightning as well. And with it all is Ed Wynn, showing the world that good clean fun and interesting "turns" are all decent Americans want in vaudeville, and that he knows exactly how to give it to them.

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FILMS

HOLIDAY INN. The specialized talents of three high-powered marquee celebrities are poured into this film in an effort to weave together escapist entertainment capable of exiling care and strain for one hundred minutes. The effort has succeeded. Irving Berlin contributes fourteen songs, Bing Crosby sings, Fred Astaire dances, and the story holding the music-dance festival together, while not to be taken too seriously, is good enough to keep the whole business rolling along pleasantly. After Astaire steals a girl from him, Crosby shuffles off to Connecticut and converts a farmhouse into an inn which is to be opened, for dining and entertainment, only on the fifteen holidays of the year. Elaborate floor shows appropriate for the respective holidays are produced. In the process of building up his new venture, Crosby stages a second fall into love, Astaire a second steal of Bing's current sweetheart. Determined this time to put up a battle for his heart's interest, Crosby follows the girl to Hollywood, appears on a studio set where a picture based on his Holiday Inn is being screened, thwarts Astaire, and wins the lady. Marjorie Reynolds, Virginia Dale, Louise Beavers, Walter Abel lend excellent support. Producer-director Mark Sandrich has seasoned the tuneful music, the top-flight dancing, the attractive settings with a generous dash of humor, and created a light musical comedy that will prove a diverting experience for the family. (Paramount)

LADY IN A JAM. This screenplay has Irene Dunne in a role with risible possibilities—Irene who has demonstrated time after time her flair for wringing the last drop of laughter out of such a part. It has Ralph Bellamy, who aided Irene in that champion comedy, *The Awful Truth*. It has Patric Knowles and Gregory LaCava, noted as a director of light and facile touch. Equipped with a fair-to-middling script, this group turns out a sprightly, laughter-provoking film on the farcical side. Irene, a dizzy heiress, squanders her entire fortune and exudes such symptoms of "wackiness" that her executor employs Patric Knowles, a psychiatrist, to psycho-analyze her back to normal. Posing as her chauffeur, Patric accompanies Irene on a visit to her grandmother, a prospector in Arizona. Here, to make Patric jealous, Irene plays Ralph Bellamy against him, while the grandmother, for personal reasons, places gold in an abandoned mine, discovery of which launches a false boom. Patric, from association with Irene, becomes a mental case himself. But not for long, for even adults want their photoplays to end on a happy note. (Universal)

MOONLIGHT MASQUERADE. A musical comedy, wispy and farcical, which abounds in complications. Two fathers have entered into a pact whereby their offspring, a son and daughter, will receive a one-third interest in an oil company if they wed. Refusal of one to marry the other will hand the one-third interest over to the party not refusing. Resenting the deal, the boy and girl, who have never met, hire impersonators. The impersonators fall in love with each other. The boy and girl follow suit. Dennis O'Keefe, Jane Frazee are directed by John H. Auer in this routine adult film. (Republic)

JACKASS MAIL. Wallace Beery rides again in the California of 1851, and, while riding, makes an abortive attempt to rob the jackass-drawn mail wagon belonging to Marjorie Main. Frustrated in this, he later develops another approach to Miss Main's wealth and marries her, becoming, under his wife's tutelage, a phoney temperance worker, civic leader and California pioneer. This slapstick film, directed by Norman Z. McLeod, will not bore families which relish the stereotyped Beery-Main pattern. (MGM)

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

PLANS FOR GOOD-NEIGHBORLINESS

EDITOR: At last someone has given expression to the question: "Why are Catholics not leaders in every phase of the Good Neighbor Policy?" As a Spanish teacher I have been asking the same question, as an abundance of material on Latin America is placed at my disposal through the Pan American Union, the National Association of Secondary Education and others. But when I want to prepare an Assembly Program, I search in vain for a pageant on Our Lady of Guadalupe, Saint Rose of Lima or religious themes which would express the very essence of Latin-American civilization.

While I am well aware that the Good Neighbor Policy has provided the impetus for the enthusiastic popularity for the study of Spanish, and that it is a patriotic duty for the language teacher to cooperate in this movement, I also realize that the Catholic teacher has a graver responsibility and a better chance of success. It is indeed important that the peoples of this hemisphere make a last stand for democracy together, but it is far more important that they see that spiritual values survive after the battle is over. The Spanish-speaking people have never shirked a battle for Christ while it is doubtful if they are willing to die for dollar-diplomacy.

We Catholics might beg to be excused from our obligations in this direction on a plea of a lack of the financial backing which supports the "ninety-seven American organizations" engaged in this work. Where there is a will, the way is not far behind. It is not necessary to form a new organization. We might use those already existing. Let me list a few:

The *International Federation of Catholic Alumnae* could

- a. Arrange for exchange scholarships at our academies and colleges.
- b. Have Latin-American speakers (ambassadors, diplomats, etc.) speak on Catholic topics at their meetings.

The *National Council of Catholic Men* could

- a. Plan a radio program for the coming year on a Catholic Latin-American basis.
- b. Build a moving-picture library of beautiful Latin-American churches, religious processions, fiestas.

The *Catholic Hierarchy* could

- a. Provide for a regular rotation of students of Religious Orders to go back and forth between the Americas.
- b. Provide exchange scholarships for worthy students and place them in Catholic institutions (Sr. Hernane Tavares de Sa mentions one student out of two hundred enrolled in a Catholic University).

The *Ave Maria Hour* could

- a. Dramatize the life of Saint Rose of Lima, Our Lady of Guadalupe, etc.

The *Catholic Press* could

- a. Issue Spanish and Portuguese editions (What the *Readers Digest* can do, the *Catholic Digest* can do).
- b. Occasionally issue a Spanish-English number. (This was recently and successfully done by *School Arts Magazine* for April.)
- c. Run an exchange column with Latin-American dailies.

Catholic Action Groups could

- a. Exchange ideas with students in Latin-American countries. (In Mexico, Catholic youth has kept the Faith alive in the enforced absence of the clergy.)
- b. Have one Latin-American project on their program of activities for the year.

This could be indefinitely extended. Let us look forward to an early and energetic answer to the challenge of Sr. Hernane Tavares de Sa, while we congratulate AMERICA, *The Commonweal*, *The Sign* and the Catholic weeklies on the work they have already done in the field of Pan-American activities. Europe was saved from the Turk: the Americas can be saved from materialism.

Philadelphia, Pa.

MARY AGNES FELIN

PRIORITIES IN VICE

EDITOR: An article entitled *Restrict Metal Used in Crucifix*, appearing in the *Chicago Tribune*, June 14, caused a mental question mark in my mind. Not that churches, the Faithful, and manufacturers will not willingly forego such articles for an all-out war, and make the best of it; but the paradoxical contrast of banning most metals, plastics and rubber for religious articles after granting a priority in rubber to be used in the production of "prophylactic devices" (AMERICA, February 28), strikes me rather peculiarly. Articles that symbolize faith, a virtue strongly needed in our fighting men, are placed on the restricted list; while articles symbolizing vice and selfishness are given priorities.

There must be many thoughts in the minds of our thinking people during this present drive for rubber. The generous willingly sacrifice their legitimate pleasures for the selfish. Thousands surrender the Sunday family outing to save rubber and other commodities for an all-out war and to conserve many other things on the priority list.

Perhaps the WPB never thought of the matter in this light; nevertheless such orders do cast a shadow upon our "All Out For Victory" slogan. Just what kind of a victory is this going to be, and for whom?

Spokane, Wash.

V. J. D.

LAPSES, NOT COLLAPSE

EDITOR: This is on the subject of your article as to whether organized Christianity has collapsed or not. The title of the article—*Today's World Is the Product of a False "Religion of Man"* (AMERICA, June 20), is badly chosen. It implies that the "Religion of Man" has been dominating the world, wrecking it, while Christianity has been standing helpless. When such a concession is made, then it is admitted that Christianity really has collapsed and miserably failed.

To my mind today's world is the product of both the real religion of God and the false religion of man. As to Christianity, it has not collapsed, though it has had lapses. It has been that way from Apostolic times.

Because we have divorces, birth control and other lapses in marital life, we do not say that matrimony has collapsed. Why should anybody say that Christianity has collapsed because of some lapses in her life?

Lapses of religion do not really endanger it, and do not cause apostasy from it. Ignoring the lapses does that, and pushes the Church to the brink of collapse. Though churchmen have discussed the question as to how many devils can dance on a needle's point, they have failed to discuss how much income a man may have, how rich he may be, and at the same time be in keeping with Christ's command: "Do not lay up for yourselves treasure on earth." That lapse has been ignored by the true Church and by all Christian sects. The result was: the feudal system, the French Revolution, Capitalism, Socialism, Anarchism, Communism, the Mexican muddle, the Spanish tragedy and a general apostasy by millions.

Another lapse ignored in our Church is the lack of

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solidarity among Catholic nations. One example is South-American Republics. Another is the Catholics of Central Europe. Ukrainians love the Poles as the Armenians do the Turks; Czechs and Slovaks hate each other; the Poles helped Hitler to strangle Czecho-Slovakia. Poland and Lithuania had diplomatic relations with Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, but no relations with each other.

It is apparent that solidarity among the said Catholic nations would have stood in the way of Hitler's rise and would have prevented World War II.

Chicago, Ill.

FRANK GUDAS

SALESMANSHIP APPROVED

EDITOR: It does not seem to me irreverent to photograph people receiving Holy Communion. I think that the publication of such pictures is likely to be an inspiration to "go and do likewise." Hence I must take issue with the opinion expressed in the letter of Father Thomas R. Murphy published in your June 20 issue.

Father Murphy says quite truly that it wasn't so many years ago that Catholic people were horrified at the thought of taking pictures of the Pope. But he would seem to imply by this statement in its context that because a thing has not been done before or because some people are "horrified," the thing should not be done now. Catholics have been shocked and are shocked at many things which are by no means wrong—I know Catholics who have been shocked at seeing people receiving Holy Communion at noon or after. Does this mean that the Church must forbid receiving Holy Communion at late Masses? The Church apparently does not think so, since Masses are now being celebrated daily in our army camps at 7.30 in the evening and the boys are permitted their Lord after a fast of four hours from solids and one hour from liquids.

Will some Catholics be shocked? Of course they will, as was the old lady who expressed a fear that the Pope was losing the Faith when meat was permitted on Friday on the occasion of a great feast falling on that day. But more soldiers will receive Holy Communion and since *sacramenta sunt propter homines* (the Sacraments are designed for men) that would seem to justify the departure from the custom in which we were brought up.

Finally, Father Murphy's comparing the effort to bring the world back to God by "salesmanship" to the efforts of Satan to "sell" the world to Christ seems utterly without point. The fault in the latter case was not in the "salesmanship" but in the "product" offered for sale.

Philadelphia, Pa.

JOSEPH F. X. HARRISON

LEGITIMATE TITLE?

EDITOR: The concluding sentence of the article, *Communist Zeal Evokes Comparisons*, in your issue of June 27, aroused some apprehensions in this reader. John W. Magan concludes: "... everything must be engaged to bring the laborer back to Christ the Worker." Hitherto, it was always maintained that all men should be led to Christ, the Lord and Saviour. Perhaps the author could furnish some theological reasons for creating a new title of this type. What I would like to know more specifically is this:

1. Can it be proved beyond doubt that Christ was a worker in the sense of the word as used today?

2. Is there any dogmatical foundation upon which the title must rest in order to be used licitly in a connection such as the author uses it?

3. Has any Pope, any responsible theologian or liturgist ever used or advocated this title?

The fact that there is a picture of Christ working in a carpenter shop in the International Labor Office; that there are organizations using this predicate in their name; and that there is a movement underway to obtain a feast under this title, are known; but all this is beside the point. The question here is whether an author may

use a new title for Christ not found in the Liturgy, which is the deposit of Faith. I think that our laboring classes must be led to Christ by other means instead of by an emotional and most probably unacceptable title. If the title would be privately adopted (I do not say licitly), we might soon see pickets walking in front of stores and factories carrying a picture of Christ with a hammer and sickle in His hands. This is a serious matter and might lead to all kinds of complications, especially if one considers that Christ truly was the Head and Founder of a corporation in which Peter was the chairman, Judas the treasurer, and the Apostles and disciples the laborers. New York, N. Y. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O.F.M. Cap.

SHAKESPEARE SUGGESTION

EDITOR: Mr. Grace's paper, *Shakespeare's Real Catholicism* (AMERICA, June 27), interested me very much. It is a decided improvement on the tedious, old method of mining the plays for quotations of Catholic import and then concentrating on these to the exclusion of both context and contrary statements.

However, in spite of its subtlety, it has occurred to me that Mr. Grace's theory may run the risk of being just a shade too facile and exclusive. Like much of French literary logic, it may be no logic at all.

It seems Mr. Grace began his thinking with a presumption of Shakespeare's Catholicism and, consequently, in making his categories for analysis, he selected those things which his wide reading assured him are in evidence in the plays, poems and sonnets. In other words he looked to see what he knew was there.

Would it not be just as well (or better) to proceed in this fashion: (a) It cannot be conclusively proved that Shakespeare was a Catholic. (b) It can be proved that Shakespeare was a top-flight artist. (c) As a top-flight artist he made his Catholic characters and times Catholic in the truest sense, but he also made his pagan or Protestant characters or times with the same trueness and thoroughness.

Such a theory calls for no wrenchful thinking or mere additory mining of the plays. Of course it is not what Catholics want to hear, but how much of Renaissance literature is?

St. Paul, Minn.

FRANCIS B. THORNTON

REVIEWED TOO PROMPTLY

EDITOR: In our humble opinion it seems that reviewers of Catholic books, reviewed for a Catholic magazine, should be more careful of what they quote from a book. We refer to the recent review of Franz Werfel's book, *The Song of Bernadette*, in which the reviewer regrets the author's lack of Catholic background by quoting from the book the sentence about the nun placing the "consecrated hosts" in the ciborium. We found it to read as follows, page 486, lines 3 and 4: "This was the office of the sacristan who every morning filled the ciborium with the *prepared wafers*," which we think is entirely different from the reviewer's quotation. One can hardly be severe with an author about something he hasn't written.

Also, we note with amusement, that this same person has had critical articles in AMERICA on book reviewing and book reviewers. Incidentally, we liked the book.

Janesville, Wis.

MARY JO MEADE
PRISCILLA M. GRIFFEY

[The first copies run off the press did have the phrasing objected to; it was changed later.—Literary Editor.]

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, and merely tolerates lengthy epistles.)

JESSICA DRAGONETTE

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MARCUS AURELIUS observed: "Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong is its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this too will be swept away." . . . As though confirming this analysis of Aurelius, events swept by on Time's current during the week. . . . In Mississippi, a "phantom barber" burglar went around breaking into houses, giving compulsory haircuts to house-owners, stealing nothing but the hair. . . . In Bermuda, the House of Assembly, by a vote of fourteen to thirteen, refused to make it illegal for dogs to bark at night. . . . As the movie, *Ball of Fire*, commenced flickering on an eastern screen, flames broke out in the theatre, routing a bank-night crowd of several thousand persons. . . . In Los Angeles, three brothers wed three sisters. . . . A Pennsylvanian, rounding out fifty years as a barber, issued a statement declaring that bald-headed men never quite give up hope of raising a second crop of hair. . . . Western psychologists announced that stammering may be cured by making stammerers stammer harder. . . . Ribbing of young officers broke out in Puerto Rico, the following notice being posted at the Officers' Club at San Juan: "Positively no alcoholic beverages will be sold to Air Corps lieutenant-colonels under twenty-one unless accompanied by their parents." . . . A California husband, suing for divorce, declared he was suffering from malnutrition because of his wife's neglect. She spent most of the time feeding her twenty-three cats, he alleged. . . .

The extremes of which the human will is capable were demonstrated by the week's occurrences. . . . In New York, a dog died. The canine had been the inseparable companion of a man for twelve years. The man, a laborer, was unconsolable. He buried the dog in his back yard, placing this marker over the grave: "Buster—Long and Devoted Friend." He selected the backyard as the place of burial, so that he could look down on his best friend's grave each night before retiring. . . . Neighbors, seeing the laborer digging in his yard in the dark of night, suspected murder. Police swarmed into the yard, exhumed the dog's body, turned it over to A.S.P.C.A. . . . In the West, a father cut off his two daughters with one dollar and a curse each. . . . Several years before his death, he wrote in his own hand the following will: "Unto my two daughters, Frances and Denise, by virtue of their unfilial attitude toward a doting father, and because they have repeatedly thwarted my efforts to see them, I leave the sum of one dollar to each and a father's curse. May their respective lives be fraught with misery, unhappiness and poignant sorrow. May their deaths be soon and of a lingering, malign and torturous nature. May their souls rest in hell and suffer the torments of the damned for eternity." . . .

Events swinging by on Time's current. . . . On the River of earthly Life—the wicked frequently achieving wealth and honor; the just, obloquy and misery. . . . The River does not seem to make sense. . . . But it does. . . . Here on earth men do not see the majestic pattern of human life which the Great Artist is weaving on the upper side of the tapestry. . . . They perceive only the under side—a tangle of loose threads that seems meaningless. . . . One day, when Time's current sweeps the earthly sojourner into the River of Eternal Life, he will behold that upper side and understand fully the masterly design which governs earthly existence. . . . And may all on that day realize completely the aspiration of the poet: "Life! I know not what thou art. . . . Say not Good Night—but in some brighter clime, Bid me Good Morning."

THE PARADER